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Wanderers: A Warriors Fanfic

I do not own warriors. Warriors belongs to Erin Hunter. This story is fanfiction. Nothing that happens in this book happens in the warriors series.

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(coming soon)

Allegiances

Allegiances

ThunderClan

Leader: Firestar-ginger tom with a flame-colored pelt

Deputy: Graystripe-long-haired gray tom

Medicine Cat: Cinderpelt-dark gray she-cat

Apprentice, Leafpaw

Warriors:

Mousefur-small dusky brown she-cat

Apprentice, Spiderpaw

Dustpelt-dark brown tabby tom

Apprentice, Squirrelpaw

Sandstorm-pale ginger she-cat

Cloudtail-long-haired white tom

Brackenfur-golden brown tabby tom

Apprentice, Whitepaw

Thornclaw-golden brown tabby tom

Apprentice, Shrewpaw

Brightheart-white she-cat with ginger patches

Brambleclaw-dark brown tabby tom with amber eyes

Ashfur-pale gray (with darker flecks) tom, dark blue eyes

Rainwhisker-dark gray tom with blue eyes

Sootfur-lighter gray tom with amber eyes

Sorreltail-tortoiseshell and white she-cat with amber eyes

Queens:

Goldenflower-pale ginger coat, the oldest nursery queen

Ferncloud-pale gray (with darker flecks) she-cat, green eyes

Elders:

Frostfur-beautiful white she-cat with blue eyes

Speckletail-pale tabby she-cat

Longtail-pale tabby tom with dark black stripes, retired early due to failing sight

ShadowClan

Leader: Blackstar-large white tom with huge jet-black paws

Deputy: Russetfur-dark ginger she-cat

Medicine Cat: Littlecloud-very small tabby tom

Warriors:

Oakfur-small brown tom

Apprentice, Smokepaw

Cedarheart-dark gray tom

Rowanclaw-ginger she-cat

Apprentice, Talonpaw

Nightwing-black she-cat

Tawnypelt-tortoiseshell she-cat with green eyes

Queens:

Tallpoppy-long-legged light brown tabby she-cat

Elders:

Runningnose-small gray and white tom, formerly the medicine cat

Boulder-skinny gray tom

WindClan

Leader: Tallstar-elderly black-and-white tom with a very long tail

Deputy: Mudclaw-mottled dark brown tom

Apprentice, Crowpaw

Medicine Cat: Barkface-short-tailed brown tom

Warriors:

Tornear-tabby tom

Webfoot-dark gray tabby tom

Apprentice, Weaselpaw

Onewhisker-brown tabby tom

Robinwing-light brown she-cat with blue eyes

Apprentice, Thistlepaw

Queens:

Ashfoot-gray queen

Whitetail-small white she-cat

Elders:

Morningflower-tortoiseshell she-cat

Oatwhisker-creamy brown tabby tom

RiverClan

Leader: Leopardstar-unusually spotted golden tabby she-cat

Deputy:Mistyfoot-gray she-cat with blue eyes

Medicine Cat: Mudfur-long-haired light brown tom

Apprentice, Mothwing-dappled golden she-cat

Warriors:

Blackclaw-smoky black tom

Apprentice, Volepaw

Heavystep-thickset tabby tom

Apprentice, Stonepaw

Stormfur-dark gray tom with amber eyes

Hawkfrost-dark brown tom with a white underbelly and ice blue eyes

Swallowtail-dark brown tabby she-cat with green eyes

Apprentice, Splashpaw

Queens:

Mosspelt-tortoiseshell she-cat

Dawnflower-pale gray she-cat

Elders:

Shadepelt-very dark gray she-cat

Loudbelly-dark brown tom

Skyclan

Leader:

Leafstar -brown-and-cream tabby she-cat with amber eyes (mother to Billystorm's kits: Harrykit, Stormkit and Firekit)

Deputy:

Sharpclaw - dark ginger tom

Apprentice, Egg

Medicine Cat:

Echosong - silver tabby she-cat with green eyes

Apprentice, Frecklewish

Warriors:

Patchfoot - black-and-white tom

Petalnose - pale gray she-cat

Apprentice, Sagepaw

Sparrowpelt - dark brown tabby tom

Cherrytail - tortoiseshell-and-white she-cat

Waspwhisker - gray-and-white tom

Apprentice, Mintpaw

Shrewtooth - skinny black tom

Ebonyclaw - striking black she-cat

Billystorm - ginger-and-white tom

Harveymoon - white tom

Macgyver - black-and-white tom

Rockshade - black tom (Clovertail's son)

Bouncefire - ginger tom (Clovertail's son)

Tinycloud - small white she-cat (Clovertail's daughter)

Rabbitleap - brown tom

Creekfeather - gray tabby tom

Nettlesplash - pale brown tom

Plumwillow - dark gray she-cat

Fallowfern - pale brown she-cat

Queens:

Clovertail - light brown she-cat with white belly and legs (mother to Patchfoot's kits: Honeykit, Sandykit, and Birdkit)

Elders:

Lichenfur - gray mottled she-cat

Tangle - ragged tabby tom, loner

Cats Outside The Clans

Bluemoon - blue-grey tom with ice-blue eyes

Snowflake - long-haired white she-cat with amber eyes

Princess - light brown tabby with a white chest and paws

Sol - brown-and-tortoiseshell long-haired tom with pale yellow eyes

Into The Basement

The white she-cat sat on the fence and watched as the tabby cat said goodbye to the lean tom. "Bye Firestar," said the tabby cat, "Say hello to Cloudtail for me."

"Ok, I will. Bye Princess," said Firestar. He looked up at the white cat. "Goodbye Snowflake," She flicked her tail to acknowledge that she heard him and Firestar disappeared into the woods. Princess jumped onto the fence next to Snowflake.

"Why does he keep visiting you?" asked Snowflake.

"Who?" said Princess.

"That scrawny cat, Firesky," Snowflake replied.

Princess rolled her eyes, "His name is Firestar. He's our brother.

"So? He left his housefolks and joined those forest cats," said Snowflake, "They're dangerous! Smudge tried to visit him and they attacked him. "

"They were just defending their territory," Princess protested, "ThunderClan has been having trouble finding prey since the forest fire and the twolegs keep cutting down trees. Firestar said they live at Sunning Rocks now because their camp was destroyed."

Snowflake gasped, "Really? How's your son?"

Princess looked away, "Cloudtail says he's fine, but he's so underweight and he never visits."

Snowflake tried to change the subject. "Have you seen Bluemoon lately? He promised to meet me at the Treecut Place but he didn't come again. I haven't seen him in a week."

"How am I supposed to know? I don't keep track of every tom in the world," Princess snapped.

"Hey! I was just asking."

"You're always 'just asking.'"

Snowflake was taken back. "What do you mean?"

"You're always going on and on about him. I have better things to do than listen to you obsess about your mate."

Snowflake snorted, "Like you have any room to talk. 'I wonder what Henry is doing today?'" she mimicked, "'I hope he comes over here.' 'Here he comes! How's my fur?'"

"I do not talk like that!"

"Yes you do," Snowflake squealed, "'Guess what Snowflake? Henry and I made eye contact! I'm going to wake everybody up in middle of the night to tell them this pointless news!'"

Princess scowled and stormed to her twoleg nest angrily. Snowflake jumped of the fence into her own yard. She walked to the door and yowled. The door opened and her housefolk stepped outside. He leaned over and ran his odd fur-less paw along her back. Snowflake purred and followed him inside. She walked over to her food bowl and ate the bland food. She preferred a juicy mouse, but it was almost leaf-bare and she could never find enough prey to fill her growing appetite. She went into the other room and jumped onto the back of the couch by the window. She stretched and yawned before lying down in the sun. She closed her eyes and let the sun warm her fur.

The warmth of the sun disappeared and a cold breeze blew through her long fur. The soft sofa was replaced by the cold, hard ground. Snowflake opened her eyes and looked around. Her twoleg's nest and everything she ever knew was gone. The sky was covered in dark ominous clouds, and lifeless trees loomed over head.

"Hello? Is anybody there?" she called. Snowflake felt lost without even the stars to guide her. She saw a flash of red fur out of the corner of her eye. "Firestar?"

Suddenly, cats started yowling in the distance. Snowflake started

running to them immediately. She was sure she had never heard those cats before, but they sounded so familiar, and she couldn't ignore their cries of mortal terror.

She seemed to be running in slow motion. Every paw step seemed to take a moon. When she finally got to the scene, Snowflake wished she'd run away when she had the chance. A large fox had a group of cats cornered. The cat Snowflake had mistaken for Firestar was fighting side by side a small injured tom.

A queen was behind the fighting cats, the bodies of her kits laid around her. Only two seemed to be breathing. A male kit was a few tail-lengths away from the queen while a tiny calico was hiding in a patch of catmint safely behind the fox. The breeze blew the kits scent away from the fox, as if the wind itself was protecting the kit.

A long-haired cat wailed in agony beside a lifeless cat. Even without getting a good look at him, Snowflake knew immediately who the dead cat was.

Bluemoon.

Snowflake was frozen with fear. The queen met her gaze. The queen's terrified eyes were a mirror image of Snowflakes. The fox broke through the fighting cats' defense and sprung at the grey kit. "No!" shouted the queen. She sprinted towards the kit and shoved him out of the fox's path. The fox sunk its teeth into her neck before the queen had time to defend herself. The queen went limp.

Snowflake's fear changed to anger. She hissed and lunged at the fox, but the moment she should have hit the fox, it disappeared along with the other cats. Instead of hitting the ground, Snowflake was sent tumbling into a river that wasn't there before. She struggled to get to the surface, but the current kept pushing her under.

Snowflake woke gasping for air. She was still at home. It was just a dream. There was no river there was no fox. Bluemoon was fine. Probably.

Snowflake sprinted to Bluemoon's house. It was a tiny, shabby

building with peeling paint and a leaky roof. Snowflake ran to the small window that led to the basement. It was open, as usual. The window had been broken seasons ago and was being held together by some grey stuff that was sticky on one side, except for a paw-sized hole.

Snowflake stuck her head in the window; the room was cold and cluttered with broken twoleg things everywhere. A grey cat was lying in the corner of the room. “Bluemoon?” she called. He twitched his ear towards her voice, but he didn’t look at her. Snowflake sighed with relief. “Bluemoon! I’ve been so worried! I haven’t seen you in ages,” she said, “I’m sorry I came here, but I had to find you. I know you don’t want me to visit but I had to make sure you were ok. I’d rather take the wrath of your housefolk’s evil friends than be away from you.”

“He’s gone,” Bluemoon mumbled.

It took Snowflake a moment to realize Bluemoon wasn’t paying any attention to her. “What?”

“My housefolk, Riley, is gone,” Bluemoon looked up, his blue eyes were full of sorrow “I bunch of twolegs in blue gave him a shiny bracelet then took him away in a monster with flashing lights on top.”

Snowflake heard a voice and the loud thumps of someone walking down the stairs. “Are you sure he’s gone? Someone’s coming.”

Bluemoon’s face lit up. “He’s back!” he ran to the door and waited patiently for Riley.

The door swung open and an unfamiliar twoleg walked in. Bluemoon’s excitement turned to horror. His fur was standing on end. “Run!” He bolted towards the window.

Snowflake hesitated, “Why? Who’s that?” The stranger kicked Snowflake across the room. She screeched and bolted towards Bluemoon, who was already outside.

“Snowflake!” Bluemoon stuck his head back inside at the sound of

her yowl. The twoleg growled and turned towards the window, but Snowflake beat him there. She tried to go outside, but her collar got caught on a twisted piece of metal.

“Help! I’m stuck,” Snowflake shouted. Bluemoon bit her collar and tried to free her. The twoleg pulled her tail and the collar snapped as he pulled her inside. Bluemoon hissed and sunk his teeth into the twoleg’s wrist. The twoleg bellowed. He pushed Bluemoon outside and slammed the window shut. The twoleg went upstairs and slammed the door behind him.

Snowflake ran to the window. “Help! I’m trapped.”

“I’ll find away to get you out,” he said through the glass, "I promise I will never leave you unprotected."

“Who was that?” she asked.

“That’s Riley’s friend, Jake. He hates cats,” he said.

“Really? I hadn’t noticed," she said sarcastically.

“He pretends to be nice when Riley’s around. He’s supposed to feed me when Riley’s away, but he doesn’t come very often,” A dog started barking at Bluemoon. He gasped. “Listen, there’s a leaky pipe in the corner, so you’ll have something to drink. This place is crawling with mice, and if one gets stuck in a mousetrap, you’ll get a free meal. Be careful watch out for-” Bluemoon was cut off by loud barking.

“Bluemoon I-”

Jake freed the dog and it chased Bluemoon. He ran towards the woods and disappeared down a rabbit hole. The dog barked again. A grey paw shot out of the hole and batted at the dog. Snowflake didn’t think the declawed cat would stand a chance against the huge dog. The twoleg shouted at the dog and it ran to him. Bluemoon shot out of the hole and raced into the forest.

Snowflake felt a sharp pain in her belly.

Fire and Snow

[image]

Snowflake slept behind the sofa. She heard someone tap the window. She carefully crept out. Princess was at the window. "Snowflake! Are you ok?! Wh-"

"Shh," Snowflake hissed. She was happy to see her sister, but it wasn't the cat she wanted to see.

"Who are you talking to Mom?" said a voice from behind the couch. A black kitten and a ginger tabby kitten peeked out from behind the couch.

"Go back to sleep Midnight. You'll wake you're sisters."

Princess gasped, "Kits! Why didn't you tell me you were expecting kits?"

Snowflake looked down at her paws. "You never trusted Bluemoon."

"Can I meet them?" asked Princess.

Midnight and the ginger kitten ran to the window. "Hi! I'm Sunny! Who are you?" said the she-cat.

"I'm Princess," she said.

"This is Midnight and his sister Sunny," Snowflake said. Two more kits had come out to see what was going on. "The tortoiseshell is Cookie and the grey kit is Silver," Silver had long fur and a broad, flattened face and Cookie had amber eyes. The twoleg started to come downstairs.

"Hide!" Snowflake hissed.

"I'll be back tomorrow," Princess promised, then she was gone. The kits raced behind the sofa. Snowflake stood on the back of the couch, fur on end. The door swung open and Riley's 'friend' walked

in. Snowflake hissed at him. He had weird wiry fur on his chin and a tiny white stick in his mouth. He dropped the bag of cat food by the bowl and walked back to the door. Midnight crept out from behind the couch.

He squealed when he saw the twoleg and ran back to his sisters. When Jake was gone, Snowflake went back to her kits. Midnight was describing what he saw to his littermates. "He was huge!" He said, "And he breathes fire like a dragon!" Sunny gasped and Silver's eyes were wide. Cookie didn't buy it.

"Really? That's so cool!" Sunny exclaimed.

"He's lying," Cookie accused, "Right Mom."

Snowflake laughed, "He isn't breathing fire. The smoke was coming from that little white stick in his mouth."

"Oh," Sunny's face fell.

"Go back to sleep, I'll be there in there in a minute," Snowflake went back to the window, searching, once again, for her lost mate. "Oh, Bluemoon. Where are you?"

Jungle of Secrets

[image]

Snowflake watched her kittens chase the mouse around the room. They were five moons old and Snowflake couldn't take her eyes off them for more than a second without them getting into trouble.

The mouse darted into a hole in the wall. Midnight stuck his paw in the hole.

"Aww. It got away," Silver complained.

"Let's go play with Mom!" said Sunny.

"No way, I'm waiting for the mouse. It can't hide forever," said Midnight. Silver, Cookie, and Sunny ran to Snowflake.

"Attack!" Cookie shouted as she and Sunny pounced on Snowflake's back. Snowflake laughed and waved her tail around. Silver dropped into a perfect hunters crouch and eyed her tail. Snowflake watched in awe as Silver crept towards her tail. Silver pounced and Snowflake jerked her tail away.

"Fox-dung!" Silver spat.

"Where did you hear that?" Snowflake asked. She was always careful to never swear in front of her kittens.

"Hey guys! Look at this," Midnight was sniffing wooden square with a piece of twisted metal on it. He stuck out his paw batted at the strange object.

Snowflake gasped and stood up quickly. Sunny and Cookie fell to the floor. "Midnight! Don't touch that!" It was too late, Midnight pounced on the object. There was a deafening snap and Midnight wailed. Snowflake raced to her son. Midnight's leg was crushed in between the wood and the skinny piece of metal. Snowflake pried the mouse trap off her son's leg and immediately started cleaning

the wound.

"No no no," she said between licks. He whimpered quietly. His littermates watched quietly. Silver had a wad of cobwebs in her mouth. She stepped forward and set the cobwebs beside them. Snowflake wrapped the cobwebs around Midnight's leg. Snowflake was too troubled to wonder how Silver knew to bring cobwebs.

"Is Midnight going to die?" asked Sunny.

Snowflake didn't reply. Cookie walked over and laid by him. Her sisters followed her lead. Snowflake didn't know how long they laid there, it could have been moons. Eventually, the kittens drifted to sleep. Midnight's breathing was growing shallower. Snowflake looked down at the tiny runt, he was only half the size of his sisters but just as strong. No matter how much he fought to live, Snowflake didn't think it would be enough.

Snowflake couldn't leave her son here to die. She stood up, careful not to disturb her kits, and walked to the window. She pressed her paw against the edge of the hole. Slowly, the glass started to chip away. She ignored the pain in her paws where the glass cut her.

"What are you doing?" asked Silver. Snowflake jumped, and winced as the glass cut her paw.

"Nothing. Go back to sleep," Snowflake kept working.

"I can't sleep," said Silver. Snowflake didn't even turn.

"Lay down and close your eyes," Snowflake said. She struggled to hide the irritation in her voice.

"Sunny thinks it's her fault," Silver said it like it was an explanation to why she couldn't sleep.

"What's her fault?" asked Snowflake.

"Sunny think it's her fault Midnight was injured," Snowflake stopped working. Her anger vanished as Silver continued. "She thinks that if she hadn't suggested we play with you and if we had waited for the mouse, he wouldn't have gotten hurt."

"How do you know?" Snowflake asked.

Silver looked uncomfortable. "She... uh... told me."

Snowflake was quiet she was sure that Sunny was still asleep.

"Can you tell me a story?" asked Silver.

Snowflake was caught by surprise. "What?"

"Ye- I mean... Princess says you're good at telling stories," Silver said, "Can you tell us one?"

Snowflake hesitated.

"Please?"

Snowflake looked at the hole and decided it was big enough. "Ok," She went to her kittens. Silver ran ahead to wake Midnight, Cookie, and Sunny.

"Some cats live with twolegs, others live alone, but some live together in the wild. These forest cats are called the Warriors," Snowflake began. Her daughters listened intently, but Midnight had fallen back asleep. "The warriors live in four clans WindClan, ShadowClan, RiverClan, and ThunderClan. The clans are guided by StarClan."

"What's a StarClan?" asked Sunny.

"StarClan are their warrior ancestors," Snowflake explained. "They guide the warriors and give the leader nine lives."

"Warriors have nine lives?" asked Cookie.

"No, just the leaders," said Snowflake.

"Cool!" said Sunny.

"Can we be warriors?" asked Silver. Snowflake thought of Princess's son, Cloudtail. Princess had given her oldest son to Firestar when he was just a kit. Cloudtail was safe and visits her often. Cloudtail had

four littermates, but they were taken by twolegs and Princess never saw them again.

Silver was still waiting for an answer. "Of course you can," Snowflake said. They'd be well protected in the clans. "Do you want warrior names?"

"Yeah!" Sunny could barely contain her excitement.

"What's so special about warriors' names?" asked Cookie. Sunny dramatically sighed impatiently and Silver glared at Sunny.

"A warrior's name has two parts," Snowflake explained. "The second part of their name changes. The leaders' of the four clans names end in 'star', kittens' names end in 'kit', apprentices' names end in 'paw', when apprentices earn their warrior names their name changes again.

"Does the first part of their name ever change?" asked Cookie.

"Sometimes, when Crookedstar, the former leader of RiverClan, was a kitten his name was Stormkit, but he broke his jaw so his mom asked the leader to rename him Crookedkit."

"That's terrible!" Silver's eyes widened.

"So can we have warrior names or not?" Sunny demanded.

Snowflake chuckled. "Alright, your name can be Sunnykit."

"Awesome!" Her amber eyes shined brightly.

Snowflake sighed. They were so interested in the warriors, they'd all but forgotten their injured brother. "Silver, you'll be Silverkit and Cookie's name is Cookiekit."

"But I don't want to be Cookiekit," She pouted, "Cookie is a twoleg word."

Sunnykit's face fell, "Yeah so is sunny."

"I thought you liked your name," said Snowflake.

"I changed my mind," said Sunnykit.

Snowflake rolled her eyes. "Would you rather be called Sunkit?"

"Yep," She said.

"Then that will be your name," Sunkit sat up straight and beamed. Snowflake looked at Cookiekit. "Would you rather be called Rosekit than Cookiekit?" The tortoiseshell nodded. "Then your name is Rosekit."

Rosekit sat up proudly. She was trying to be calm, but her eyes gave away her excitement.

Silverkit opened her mouth to say something, but hesitated and closed her mouth again.

"What's wrong Silverkit?" asked Snowflake.

Silverkit looked down at her paws, "Nothing," She mumbled.

"If you want to change your name too, tell me," Snowflake said, "I promise I won't name you anything cruel like Crookedkit."

"No, I like my name." said Silverkit. She looked up at her mother. "What about Midnight?"

Everyone was quiet. All eyes were on Snowflake. Even Sunkit was quietly waiting for an answer. When Snowflake finally found her voice, she lied "You picked your names so it wouldn't be fair if I gave him his warrior name without his opinion," She didn't have the heart to tell her kits the truth. She changed the subject. "Do you want to hear another story?"

"Duh," Sunkit said, but even she wasn't as enthusiastic as before. They laid beside Midnight and waited for Snowflake to begin. She stayed up all night telling her kits the stories she had heard Cloudtail and Firestar tell Princess. She told them about Cloudtail leaving camp and catching his first prey when he was a kit, Greystripe and Silverstream's forbidden love, how Cloudtail helped Brightheart become a warrior. She was getting to the part where Firestar became leader of Thunderclan when they finally fell asleep.

Snowflake carefully picked up Midnight. She paused to make sure everyone was still asleep before carrying him to the window.

Rising Blizzard

[image]

Princess came at dawn, before any of the kits woke up. She gasped when she saw Midnight "What happened?"

"He got caught in a mouse trap," Snowflake gently pushed him through the hole in the window she had made the night before.

"What are you doing?" asked Princess.

"Give him to your housefolks. They'll take him to the vet," Snowflake commanded.

Princess hesitated, "If they take him, they won't bring him back."

"You're housefolks will make sure he goes to a good home," said Snowflake, "I'd rather he be safe and healthy, than die here with me."

Princess was quiet.

"Please take him," pleaded Snowflake. "I can't let my son die."

Princess picked him up carefully and carried him away. Snowflake watched them go and waited for Princess to return.

"I gave him to my housefolks, but I don't think I made it in time," Princess said sadly, "I'm so sorry. I did everything I could."

Snowflake walked away from the window without waiting for Princess to leave, she went to the corner of the room, farthest away from her daughters, to mourn.

She didn't know how much time had passed it could have been moons, eventually her daughters woke up.

"Mom?" said Sunkit. Snowflake was quiet.

"Where's Midnight?" asked Silverkit. Snowflake knew she couldn't answer without crying.

"Mom's just tired," Rosekit said nervously. "She stayed up all night telling us stories so now she needs some sleep. That's all," Rosekit sounded like she was trying to convince herself more than anything.

"Let her sleep," said Silverkit. Snowflake heard their paw steps as they walked across the room. They whispered to each other, to soft for Snowflake to hear. She heard the scraping of their claws as they climbed something, Silverkit mewed, "Ouch! My fur's caught!"

"Shh! Be quiet. You'll wake Mom," said Rosekit, she shoved Silverkit. Snowflake heard more paw steps, then everything was quiet.

Snowflake was grateful that they trying to let her sleep, and tried to enjoy the rare, peaceful silence. Snowflake had a nagging suspicion that something wasn't right. They had never been quiet for this long before. Sunkit couldn't sit still if their lives depended on it.

Snowflake sat up and looked around. They were nowhere in sight. "Kits?" she called. "Where are you?" She searched the room franticly. They were nowhere to be found. A patch of grey fur caught her eye. A lock of Silverkit's fur was caught in the same place Snowflake's collar had. "Oh no," Snowflake ran to the window. Outside there was a trail of Princess's paw prints in the mud, but right next to them were three smaller tracks leading in the opposite direction.

Snowflake shoved her way through the small hole. The glass cracked and cut her, but Snowflake ignored the pain. It was the first time she had been outside in moons, she was momentarily distracted by her surroundings. She thought of her missing kits and excitement of being outside again vanished. The tracks lead to Treecut Place. Every few fox-lengths one trail would dart off to the side before circling back to the others. Only one track stayed on path. She followed the tracks until they disappeared at a Thunderpath. A monster roared past. Snowflake coughed then sniffed the air. Her kits scent was masked by the odor of the monster. She dashed across the road.

"Sunkit! Silverkit! Rosekit!" she called. There was no answer.

"Help!" Snowflake ran towards the sound of her kits cries. She couldn't help but notice how familiar it all seemed, as if this had happened before. Snowflake remembered the dream she had the day she was trapped...

"Snowflake!" shouted a familiar voice. Snowflake's thought was interrupted by sound of her name. She lost her footing as the handsome tom tried to catch up. "Snowflake wait!"

"I have to save my kits!" said Snowflake. The sound was coming from a twolegs nest. There was a giant square hole in the side of the house inside was a monster. Her housefolks had a similar pet monster, or 'truck' as they called it.

The three kits were cornered by a large dog. Snowflake hissed and scratched his leg. The dog growled and turned on her. The kits ran away from the dog.

"I'll distract him. Go!" said Bluemoon. Snowflake ran under the truck and the kits jumped into a twoleg bag. Bluemoon stood on his hind legs and batted at the dog's nose. It yelped and snapped at him. Bluemoon jumped out of the way and ran out of the garage with the dog on his tail. Snowflake heard the dog and Bluemoon fighting. A twoleg entered the room. Snowflake sprinted to the bag but the twoleg beat her there.

The twoleg picked up the bag with the kits and climbed in the truck. The monster roared to life and Snowflake leaped onto the bed of the truck. Suddenly, the fight outside stopped. The monster started to move. When it backed out of the garage, Snowflake got a good look at Bluemoon. He was lying motionless on the side of the Thunderpath. A large gash was in his neck where the dog had bit him and his grey fur was stained red.

"Bluemoon!" shouted Snowflake. She heard her kits pawing at the window. Their eyes were wide and filled with terror. Snowflake looked back at her mate one last time before turning to her kits. "Don't worry," she said through the glass. "I will save you."

The truck started to pick up speed and carried her further and further away from her mate. Snowflake crouched down to avoid the wind blowing through her fur. Eventually, the truck came to a stop. The twoleg climbed out and left the door open. Snowflake hopped out and ran to the door. She called her kits and they ran to her. She led them away from the truck. "What were you thinking?" she hissed. They looked down at their paws.

"I'm sorry," said Rosekit.

"We were looking for Midnight," Sunkit said, "We thought he was kidnapped by ShadowClan."

Snowflake was quiet.

"We were looking for him but then we got distracted and lost..." Silverkit said.

"A dog attacked us, and-" Rosekit started.

"And we were eaten by a monster!" Sunkit cut of Rosekit. Rosekit gritted her teeth.

Snowflake started to groom her kits. "It's ok," she crooned, "You're safe now."

"What about Midnight?" asked Rosekit.

Snowflake sighed, they had the right to know the truth. "Midnight's gone."

"Where is he?" asked Silverkit.

"He's dead." Rosekit whispered.

Snowflake nodded.

"What?" Silverkit looked at Snowflake, as if she was waiting for her to say Rosekit was wrong. "No he's not."

"I'm sorry Silverkit, Rosekit is right," Snowflake's voice cracked.

Silverkit opened her mouth to argue, but she was interrupted when a monster roared past. The kits jumped.

"Don't worry. The monsters won't hurt you," Snowflake said, "They never leave the Thunderpath," She pointed at the hard black thing with her tail.

"Why not?" asked Rosekit.

"Because there stupid, stupid," Sunkit replied.

"Come on lets go to the woods," Snowflake said.

"Cool!" Sunkit raced ahead.

Silverkit hesitated. "But kits aren't supposed to go into the woods until they're apprentices.

"Then I guess I should make you apprentices," Snowflake said. "I'll mentor all three of you," Sunkit turned around and raced back to Snowflake. She said the warrior ceremony the same way she had heard Cloudtail telling Princess and gave them there apprentice names, Sunpaw, Silverpaw, and Rosepaw, and led them into the forest.

A Hazardous Path

"Keep your tail down," Snowflake instructed. Rosepaw lowered her tail and crept silently through the underbrush towards the unsuspecting mouse who nibbled on a seed. She pounced on the mouse and bit it on the back, breaking its spine.

"Nice catch!" said Silverpaw.

"Thanks," said Rosepaw.

"When's our warrior assessment?" asked Sunpaw. "We've been apprentices forever."

"Ok, your warrior assessment will be tomorrow If you pass, you can become warriors," said Snowflake, she'd been putting it off long enough, if they were in the clans they would have become warriors four seasons ago. Snowflake used stories about the warriors to keep their faith alive, but she still couldn't talk about Bluemoon or Midnight without crying.

"Can I help you with something?" said a soothing voice. Snowflake turned to see a large brown and tortoiseshell tom sitting in the tree above them.

"H-hello, I'm Rosepaw, and these are my sisters, Sunpaw, Silverpaw, and my mom, Snowflake," said Rosepaw nervously.

"I'm Sol," said the tom.

"No, we don't need anything," Snowflake said coolly, "We're just passing through. Come on, it's getting late. Let's go."

"But-" Sunpaw started, she stopped short when she caught Snowflake's glare.

Snowflake led her kits away from the tom. Rosepaw and Sunpaw both clearly didn't want to leave the tom so soon. Snowflake didn't want to let her kits out of her sight any time soon, but she had

promised to give them their warrior assessment. She had a bad feeling about the warrior assessment but she ignored her common sense. The assessment started out fine. Snowflake watched Sunpaw catch a shrew and Silverpaw caught a rabbit, two mice, and a raven, then everything took a turn for the worse.

She sat in the tree watching Rosepaw stalk a squirrel, when a strange creature scared the squirrel up a tree. The creature was about the size of a cat, it was black with a white stripe along its back. The creature looked familiar, but Snowflake couldn't remember what it was called.

"Hey!" Rosepaw shouted at the creature. "Watch out, you scared away my prey."

"Go away," grumbled the creature.

"Excuse me?" Rosepaw said irritably.

"'Said go away," replied the creature. Rosepaw unsheathed her claws.

"Well you're going to have to make me," Rosepaw crouched down and crept towards him.

"I warned you," The animal turned around and raised its tail. Rosepaw hesitated in confusion.

"Umm... hello? Trying to fight here. Don't turn your back on me-"

Snowflake remembered what the creature was the moment Rosepaw yowled.

Rosepaw jumped a fox-length in the air, then rolled around in the grass.

Sunpaw and Silverpaw raced into the clearing.

"What wro-" Sunpaw gagged. "What is that smell?"

Snowflake jumped out of the tree. "Rosepaw got in a fight with a skunk."

"She stinks," said Silverpaw.

"Can I have my warrior name?" asked Sunpaw.

Snowflake hesitated.

"I passed, didn't I?" Sunpaw asked.

"Yes, but-" Snowflake started.

"But what?" Sunpaw demanded. "But Rosepaw didn't pass? Is that what you were going to say? Why do I have to be punished just because Rosepaw got skunked!"

"Calm down... you can have your warrior name," Snowflake said.

Sunpaw smirked. Silverpaw hissed. Rosepaw was silent.

"Rosepaw, since you did not pass your assessment, you cannot become a warrior," Rosepaw looked down and Snowflake started the warrior ceremony, "I, Snowflake, mother and mentor of Sunpaw and Silverpaw, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on this apprentice. She has trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend her to you as a warrior in her turn.

"Sunpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your family, even at the cost of your life?"

Sunpaw sat up proudly, "I do."

"I do," Silverpaw mumbled.

Snowflake nodded and continued. "Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Sunpaw, from this moment you will be known as Sunheart. StarClan honors your enthusiasm and persistence, and we welcome you as a full warrior.

"Silverpaw-"

"Wait!" Silverpaw interrupted. "If Rosepaw can't be a warrior, then I don't want to be a warrior."

"Silverpaw you don't have to do this," whispered Rosepaw.

"No. it's not fair," Silverpaw said.

Snowflake's heart ached, Sliverpaw's nobility was identical to her fathers. Bluemoon lived on in his daughter, which is why Snowflake was going to name her Silvermoon. She proved that she deserved her warrior name more than any clanborn cat, but she could not ignore her daughter's wishes, so she just nodded. "Sunheart will sit vigil tonight. Come on, lets go find a place to make camp."

****

Snowflake was running in the woods, chasing Bluemoon. "Bluemoon wait!" Bluemoon walked ahead of her, no matter how fast she ran she couldn't catch up. He just ignored her. She felt something jab her in the side.

"Mom. Wake up," whispered Silvermoon.

"Wha?" said Snowflake. She was still in the hollow log where they always slept. Sunheart was still sleeping besides them. She assumed Rosepaw was outside, since she had not been allowed to sleep with them since the skunk incident nearly two moons ago. The smell had finally faded and Rosepaw could rejoin them tomorrow.

"You were dreaming of Dad again, weren't you?" Silvermoon asked.

Snowflake nodded, she had never told Silvermoon about her dreams, but she somehow always knew. "I think I need some fresh air," Snowflake started to walk outside.

"No!" Silvermoon blocked her path. She spoke a little too loudly and woke Sunheart. "I mean... you're probably just tired go back to sleep."

"What's going on?" asked Sunheart.

"Nothing," Silvermoon said quickly.

"What are you hiding?" demanded Snowflake.

"Nothing!" Silverpaw repeated.

Snowflake pushed past Silverpaw and walked outside. Snowflake looked around the empty clearing. "Where's your sister?"

"Right here," Silverpaw flicked her tail at Sunheart.

"Nice try," said Snowflake, "Where's Rosepaw?"

"She is... uh... practicing for her next hunting assessment?" said Silverpaw.

That would explain the weight gain, but Snowflake didn't buy it.

"Sorry I'm late, thanks for covering for me Silver-" Rosepaw stopped in her tracks when she saw Snowflake. "Uh oh."

"Uh oh is right," said Snowflake, "Spill. Now."

"I just had to make dirt," Rosepaw protested.

"Silverpaw said you were hunting," said Snowflake.

"I was, but then I had to make dirt," Rosepaw said emotionlessly.

"Rosepaw's expecting kits!" blurted Silverpaw. She looked down quickly.

"What," snapped Snowflake. "Who's the father?"

"Uh... Sol," Rosepaw's voice cracked.

Silverpaw looked at her questioningly and opened her mouth to argue, but Rosepaw silenced her with a glare.

"What? I told you to stay away from him! How could you?" Snowflake raced into the woods.

"Mom!"

Snowflake didn't stop. She wanted to be alone. She wanted time to think. Her kits panicked cry broke the silence.

"Help!!!"

Snowflake raced back to the clearing. A small fox had her kits cornered. Sunheart hissed and clawed his nose. The fox yelped and jumped back. He snapped at Rosepaw, who jumped out of the way just in time. The fox's jaw was less than a mouse length away from her throat. Silvermoon's eyes locked on Snowflakes.

Snowflake's feeling of betrayal changed to hatred of the fox. "No!" she shouted. She lunged at the fox and sent the fox, and herself, tumbling into the river.

The Lightest Hour

"Is she dead?" said a small voice.

"No, Stormkit," said a second voice, "She's just sleeping."

"Can I poke her?" said a third voice. Snowflake felt a tiny paw jab her in the side. Snowflake groaned and sat up. She was in a dark cave that smelled like herbs. A young she-cat was sorting leaves and three kits were near Snowflake. The kit that poked her squealed and ran to his litter mates.

"Harrykit! Leave her alone," said a she-cat at the mouth of the cave.

"Sorry Mom," said Harrykit.

"Why don't you go play with Clovertail's kits, they're in the nursery," said Harrykit's mom. The three kits ran out of the cave. The queen turned to Snowflake "I'm sorry."

"I understand, I have kits of my own-" Snowflake searched franticly for her daughters. "My daughters! Where are my daughters?"

"I'm sorry we found you in the river, we didn't find any kits," She said. Snowflakes memories came flooding back.

"They weren't in the river," whispered Snowflake.

"I'm Leafstar, leader of SkyClan," said the queen. "This is our medicine cat, Echosong. Do you want me to send a patrol to look for your kits?"

Snowflake shook her head. "No, that's ok. I have no idea where they are. They're old enough to take care of themselves. Where am I?"

"We're in the medicine cat's den," said Echosong. "This is SkyClan."

"StarClan?" asked Snowflake. "Am I dead?"

"No SkyClan," said Leafstar. "StarClan is-"

"I know what StarClan is," Snowflake snapped. "My brother is the leader of ThunderClan, but what the heck is SkyClan?"

"Your brother is Firestar?" Echosong said in awe.

"Yeah, why?" Snowflake said.

"A long time ago there were five clans in the forest, not four," Leafstar explained, "Twolegs cut down the trees in SkyClan's territory to make space for their huge nests. There wasn't enough prey and SkyClan was forced to leave the forest. The clan came here and lived in the gorge. After a while, the clan fell apart."

"What does this have to do with Firestar?" asked Snowflake.

"A few seasons ago Firestar and his mate, Sandstorm, came to the gorge to rebuild SkyClan," Leafstar continued. "Almost all the cats in SkyClan were rogues or kittypets before that."

"Are you from ThunderClan?" asked Echosong.

Snowflake shook her head. "No, I'm a loner. Firestar use to visit me and my sister, he told us what it's like to live in the forest. "

"Would you like a tour of camp?" asked Leafstar.

Snowflake nodded and followed Leafstar out of the cave.

"You're welcome to stay in SkyClan if you'd like," asked Leafstar, "A friend of Firestar is a friend of SkyClan."

Snowflake hesitated.

"Leafstar," A few cats lead by a massive tom went to Leafstar.

"What is it Sharpclaw?" asked Leafstar. Snowflake sighed with relief.

"We found a couple of rouges on our territory," said Sharpclaw.

"I fought them off!" boasted a young she-cat.

A ginger tom walked up to Snowflake. "Hi. I'm Bouncefire."

"My name is Snowflake," she said.

"Who was it?" Leafstar asked the patrol.

"It was Hutch's friend with some she-cat I've never seen before," said a grey and white tom.

"Bouncefire, Waspwhisker and Mintpaw chased them over the ridge," said Sharpclaw, "They won't be coming back any time soon."

Leafstar nodded and turned to Snowflake. "I'm sorry I can't show you around right now,"

"Ok, maybe later," said Snowflake.

"I can show her around," Bouncefire offered eagerly.

"No," said Sharpclaw, "I need you to show Leafstar where we saw the rogues."

"What can I do?" asked Mintpaw.

"You and Sagepaw can check on the elders. Tangle's been complaining about a tick he can't reach," said Leafstar. Sagepaw and Mintpaw groaned in unison, but did what they were told.

"See ya later Snowflake," said Bouncefire.

"Bye," said Snowflake. She went back to the medicine cat's den and curled up in her nest. It wasn't long before she fell asleep.

Snowflake dreamed she was in a forest with Bluemoon in the distance. Snowflake ran towards him. Bluemoon sat patiently and waited for her to catch up. He was almost exactly how Snowflake remembered him, but the nick in his ear was gone and his claws had grown back. His fur shimmered as if there were stars in his pelt.

"Bluemoon?" she marveled.

"Hello, my love," he purred. His voice was as soft as velvet.

"Oh Bluemoon! I'm so sorry. This is all my fault. I shouldn't have let you take on that dog alone. You shouldn't have died. I-"

"It's ok. I'm not mad at you," Bluemoon's pelt brushed against hers.

"You're not?"

Bluemoon shook his head. "If you would have tried to save me our kits would have died,"

Snowflake was quiet.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"For what?" Snowflake was confused.

"I left you. It was my fault you were trapped and I couldn't even help you. Every time I got close to the house, the dog chased me away. I still don't know how Princess did it every day. I tried to get ShadowClan to help me but Blackstar refused to send a patrol. I begged and they chased me away," Bluemoon looked down at his paws. "I was humiliated."

Snowflake was quiet. She knew how difficult it must have been for him to confront ShadowClan.

"Princess told me what happened to Midnight," he continued.

Snowflake pushed the thought away. "Your son was always getting into trouble."

"Why is he my son when he does something wrong?" Bluemoon chuckled, "Anyways, after *our* son was injured, I was worried something would happen to you, so I asked ThunderClan instead. The forest was destroyed and the clans were getting ready to leave. Firestar hesitantly sent a patrol to help me and, naturally, Blackstar didn't want to look selfish so he sent a patrol too."

Snowflake purred, "You did all that for me."

"Of course I did," he said.

"What happened?" she asked.

"By the time we got there, you were gone," he said. "I was so embarrassed that the second I realized you were gone, I ran away. I followed your trail, and found you and, well... you know the rest."

Snowflake was silent.

"What are you thinking?" he asked.

Snowflake hesitated, "It's just... why haven't you talked to me until now?"

"It was too risky. You needed to take care of our kits. Not obsess about some dead cat," said Bluemoon. Snowflake felt like she had been clawed in the face. He wasn't just 'some dead cat'. She was about to object when he continued. "I'm sorry but this is the last time you'll be able to see me."

"What! Why?" She exclaimed.

"Snowflake you can't live in the past," he said. "I love you but we can't be together anymore. I'm dead but you're still alive. You have opportunities that I'll never have again. You can't live with a paw in two worlds. Someday we'll be together again but that day is not today. I promise I'll make sure our kits are safe. But I need you to be happy. You won't be happy unless you stop and see what's right in front of you. SkyClan is full of good cats. Take the time to get to know them."

He started to fade away. "Bluemoon wait! Please don't go. Is Midnight with you in StarClan? What about Rosepaw and her kits? Please don't leave me again."

Snowflake woke up.

"Are you ok?" asked Echosong.

Snowflake nodded. "I think I need some fresh air," She walked outside. She couldn't stop thinking about what Bluemoon said.

"Hey Snowflake!" called Bouncefire. He ran over to her. "Ready for the tour?"

Skyclan is full of good cats. Take the time to get to know them. Bluemoon's words echoed in Snowflake's ears. "Sure."

Bouncefire lead her around SkyClan's territory. He chatted enthusiastically about the different places. Snowflake found herself enjoying his company. She couldn't help but notice how easy it was to be around him. They headed back to camp when the sun started to set.

Bouncefire's sister was waiting for them when they got back to camp.

"Hi I'm Tinycloud," she said, "Can I talk to my brother for a second?"

"Of course, I'll go get something from the fresh-kill pile," Snowflake exited the cave.

"So what's up with you and Snowflake?" asked Tinycloud. Snowflake stopped in her tracks.

"I have no idea what you're talking about," Bouncefire voice was even.

"Oh come on. First, you run to her the second she wakes up. Next, you and her spend the whole day alone with her.-"

"I was giving her a tour!" he said.

"All day? The forest is NOT that interesting. And fourth, when you do finally show up at camp your all googley eyed and perky."

"Sometimes I wonder how you ever got an apprentice before me," Bouncefire sighed.

Snowflake moved out of ear shot. *Stop and see what's right in front of you.* Could this have been what Bluemoon meant? Bluemoon's scent filled her nose and his velvet voice whispered in her ear.

"Yes."

Snowflake turned but there was no one there.

The next day when Leafstar asked Snowflake if she wanted to join Skyclan, she didn't have to think twice before answering.

A chapter that isn't a chapter

This chapter is me, 45twilight3, talking about boring stuff no one cares about feel free to skip it.

First of all, I just want to thank everyone who is reading this. I can't believe how many reads my story has gotten so far!

This is the end of part 1, and the end of Snowflake's story. What did you guys think? Not enough action? To predictable? Did I steal Erin Hunter's plot? Please comment!

I WANT CRITIQUES/CRITICISM!!!!!!!!!!

Tell me what you think is going to happen next. I want to know how predictable I am.

My characters are beginning to meet Erin Hunter's characters. If a say something that Erin Hunter's characters would never do, tell me what you think they should say.

I'm kind of busy and I'm not sure where I'm going with this plot so it might be a while before I post :(

Allegiances

Cats outside the clans

Sunheart- orange tabby she-cat with green eyes

Silverpaw- long-haired grey she-cat with a broad flattened face (Persian)

Rosepaw- tortoiseshell and white she-cat with amber eyes

Mumble- small black tom with icy blue eyes

Hutch- dark brown tabby tom with amber eyes

Milo- young black tom (Dusty and Tyson's son)

Clover- long-haired white and tabby she-cat (Dusty and Tyson's daughter)

Cotton- long-haired white and gray she-cat (Dusty and Tyson's daughter)

Dusty- white and tabby she-cat with amber eyes

Bird- white she-cat with two small black spots on her head, three black spot on her back and a black tail

Spider- long-legged grey and white tom

Fraidy- white tom with grey tabby tail, a spot on the back of his neck, and two tiny grey lines above his eyes that look like eyebrows

Tyson- large long-haired brown/grey tom with bright green eyes (Maine Coon)

Cuddles- old black and white tom

this is from the warriors book

ThunderClan

Leader: Firestar-ginger tom with a flame-colored pelt

Deputy: Brambleclaw-dark brown tabby tom with amber eyes

Medicine Cat: Jayfeather-gray tabby tom with blind blue eyes

Warriors:

Graystripe-long-haired gray tom

Millie-striped gray tabby she-cat

Dustpelt-dark brown tabby tom

Sandstorm-pale ginger she-cat with green eyes

Brackenfur-golden brown tabby tom

Sorreltail-tortoiseshell-and-white she-cat with amber eyes

Cloudtail-long-haired white tom

Brightheart-white she-cat with ginger patches

Thornclaw-golden brown tabby tom

Squirrelflight-dark ginger she-cat with green eyes

Leafpool-light brown tabby she-cat with amber eyes

Spiderleg-long-limbed black tom with brown underbelly and amber eyes

Birchfall-light brown tabby tom

Whitewing-white she-cat with green eyes

Berrynose-cream-colored tom

Hazeltail-small gray-and-white she-cat

Mousewhisker-gray-and-white tom

Cinderheart-gray tabby she-cat

Apprentice, Ivypaw

Lionblaze-golden tabby tom with amber eyes

Apprentice, Dovepaw

Foxleap-reddish tabby tom

Icecloud-white she-cat

Toadstep-black-and-white tom

Rosepetal-dark cream she-cat

Briarlight-dark brown she-cat

Blossomfall-tortoiseshell and white she-cat

Bumblestripe-very pale gray tom with black stripes

Queens:

Ferncloud-pale gray (with darker flecks) she-cat, green eyes

Daisy-cream long-furred cat from the horseplace

Poppyfrost-tortoiseshell she-cat, (mother to Cherrykit, a ginger she-cat, and Molekit, a brown-and-cream tom)

Elders:

Mousefur-small dusky brown she-cat

Purdy-plump tabby with a gray muzzle, former loner

Longtail-pale tabby tom with dark black stripes, retired early due to failing sight

ShadowClan

Leader: Blackstar-large white tom with huge jet-black paws

Deputy: Russetfur-dark ginger she-cat

Medicine Cat: Littlecloud-very small tabby tom

Apprentice, Flametail

Warriors:

Oakfur-small brown tom

Apprentice, Ferretpaw

Rowanclaw-ginger tom

Smokefoot-black tom

Toadfoot-dark brown tom

Applefur-mottled brown she-cat

Crowfrost-black-and-white tom

Ratscar-brown tom with long scar across his back

Apprentice, Pinepaw

Snowbird-pure white she-cat

Tawnypelt-tortoiseshell she-cat with green eyes

Apprentice, Starlingpaw

Olivenose-tortoiseshell she-cat

Owlclaw-light brown tabby tom

Shrewfoot-gray she-cat with black feet

Scorchfur-dark gray tom

Redwillow-mottled brown and ginger tom

Tigerheart-dark brown tabby tom

Dawnpelt-cream-furred she-cat

Queens:

Kinkfur-tabby she-cat with long fur that sticks out at all angles

Ivytail-black, white, and tortoiseshell she-cat

Elders:

Cedarheart-dark gray tom

Tallpoppy-long-legged light brown tabby she-cat

Snaketail-dark brown tom with tabby-striped tail

Whitewater-white she-cat with long fur, blind in one eye

WindClan

Leader: Onestar-brown tabby tom

Deputy: Ashfoot-gray she-cat

Medicine Cat: Kestrelflight-mottled gray tom

Warriors:

Crowfeather-dark gray tom

Owlwhisker-light brown tabby to

Apprentice, Whiskerpaw

Whitetail-small white she-cat

Nightcloud-black she-cat

Gorsetail-very pale gray-and-white tom with blue eyes

Weaselfur-ginger tom with white paws

Harespring-brown-and-white tom

Leaftail-dark tabby tom with amber eyes

Antpelt-brown tom with one black ear

Emberfoot-gray tom with two dark paws

Heathertail-light brown tabby she-cat with blue eyes

Apprentice, Furzepaw

Breezepelt-black tom with amber eyes

Apprentice, Boulderpaw

Sedgewhisker-light brown tabby she-cat

Swallowtail-dark gray she-cat

Sunstrike-tortoiseshell she-cat with large white mark on her forehead

Elders:

Webfoot-dark gray tabby tom

Tornear-tabby tom

RiverClan

Leader: Leopardstar-unusually spotted golden tabby she-cat

Deputy: Mistyfoot-gray she-cat with blue eyes

Medicine Cat: Mothwing-dappled golden she-cat

Apprentice, Willowshine

Warriors: Reedwhisker-black tom

Apprentice, Hollowpaw

Graymist-pale gray tabby she-cat

Apprentice, Troutpaw

Mintfur-light gray tabby tom

Icewing-white she-cat with blue eyes

Minnowtail-dark gray she-cat

Apprentice, Mossypaw

Pebblefoot-mottled gray tom

Apprentice, Rushpaw

Mallownose-light brown tabby tom

Robinwing-tortoiseshell-and-white tom

Beetlewhisker-brown-and-white tabby tom

Petalfur-gray-and-white she-cat

Grasspelt-light brown tom

Queens:

Duskfur-brown tabby she-cat

Mosspelt-tortoiseshell she-cat with blue eyes

Elders:

Dapplenose-mottled gray she-cat

Pouncetail-ginger-and-white tom

Prologue

Bluemoon watched his former mate and the ginger tom sit by the river to watch the sunset. Snowflake deliberately sat a tail-length away from Bouncefire. He didn't seem to notice and continued to chat happily about clan life. Bluemoon envied the younger tom, he was so care free and naive. And alive.

Bluemoon knew Snowflake wasn't listening. She stared straight ahead without seeing the sunset. Bluemoon knew she was thinking about their kits, he had told her he would protect them, but she couldn't just stop being a mother.

Bluemoon sighed and shoved Snowflake closer to Bouncefire. "Be happy," he whispered. She pricked her ears at the sound of his voice and looked around, but Bluemoon was invisible to her.

"Are you ok?" asked Bouncefire.

"I'm fine," she replied, she wrapped her tail around her side.

Bluemoon and Bouncefire didn't buy it. "What are you thinking?" asked Bouncefire.

Snowflake looked down at her paws, "This reminds me of the first time Bluemoon convinced me to go in the forest."

"Who? Your dead mate? Sorry, I didn't to be insensitive," Bouncefire apologized quickly when he saw Snowflake flinch.

So she wasn't thinking about their kits. Bluemoon knew exactly what she was talking about.

The next think he knew he was reminiscing.

It was a sunny new-leaf morning, he had crouched by her fence and leaped into the air, wrapping his clawless paws around the fence post. He sunk his back claws into the wood to get a grip and pushed himself up. He gleamed at his own accomplishment.

"Good job!" Snowflake had said. She must have jumped up while he was scrambling up the post.

Bluemoon jumped in surprise and lost his balance. She laughed and grabbed his scruff to keep him from falling off the fence.

"Umm... thanks," he said awkwardly, "Ready?"

"For what?" she asked.

"To explore the woods! Let's go!" he jumped off the fence and looked up at her.

"No no no. I did *not* agree to this!" her eyes were wide.

"C'mon, you taught me how to be a kittypet, so I'm going to show you what it's like to be a ShadowClan cat."

It took a while, but they compromised and spent the entire day at tree-cut place, stalking prey and practicing battle moves. They had watched the sunset. They sat so close their pelts brushed and their tail entwined.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"It's a great life, but it's not mine. I belong in the Twolegplace," she replied.

"It's not my life either, not anymore," he said sadly

"You could go back," she said, "ShadowClan would welcome you with open paws."

Bluemoon looked down at his clawless paws, "No they wouldn't, I can't contribute. How will I fight?"

"You'll find away," she purred, "You're still a warrior at heart."

Bluemoon thought about what she said, so many seasons ago, when he was just as naive as Bouncefire. He chuckled humorlessly. Some warrior he was, he couldn't even fight off a dog.

"Bluemoon!" Bluemoon's fantasies were interrupted by a raspy voice, "What are you doing? You're suppose to be watching those troublemakers of yours. They'd lose their tails if they weren't attached! How are they going to survive on their own?"

Bluemoon rolled his eyes, "Calm down, sister. I'm on my way now," He looked back at his mate one last time, before following the old grey, medicine cat.

Midday

Sunheart watched as Snowflake and the fox went tumbling into the river. She dove into the river after her. She grabbed her mother and pulled her up, but the current pushed her under and Sunheart lost her grip. She swam to the surface and looked around.

"Mom!" Sunheart screamed. The white cat was nowhere in sight. She had floated to far downstream, so her sisters were gone too. She swam to the shore and climbed up the bank. She climbed into a dark box and drifted to sleep. Sunheart was vaguely aware of a metallic click before she lost consciousness.

Moonset

Silverpaw watched in horror as Sunheart struggled to drag Snowflake to shore. The current pushed them downstream. Silverpaw started to run along the bank after them.

"Silverpaw wait!" shouted Rosepaw.

Silverpaw stopped running, but kept her eyes locked on her mom and her sister. "We have to help them," she said.

"Silverpaw I can't-" Rosepaw started.

Silverpaw spun around. "What do you mean you can't?" she spat, "They're our kin!" She looked back at the river, but they were nowhere in sight. "Foxdung," Silverpaw mumbled, she ran along the river despite Rosepaw's pleas for her to come back.

Silverpaw ran until it started to rain. She sighed in defeat and returned to where she left Rosepaw. Rosepaw was laying on her side with her back to Silverpaw. "I couldn't find them," she said, "Why didn't you help me look?"

"I wanted to, but..." Rosepaw's voice trailed off. Silverpaw's impending question was answered by a high pitched mew.

Silverpaw gasped, "You had your kits!" Lightning flashed across the sky, "I'll get you a drink," Silverpaw gathered some moss, and dipped it into the river. She heard a faint rustling in the trees. She froze, and looked up slowly. A pair of amber eyes gazed back at her. Silverpaw tried to hiss, but just ended up dropping the moss into the river.

"Hi!" a small black cat, no more than nine moons old, hopped out of the tree, "I'm Milo! Who are you?"

"My name is Silverpaw, my sister is by the river. She just delivered her kits. Can you please help us find shelter?" she said.

"No problem! I live over there," he said. Silverpaw couldn't see where he was pointing through the rain. Silverpaw led him to Rosepaw and her kits.

"Aww, they're so cute!"

"This is Milo, he's going to help us find shelter," Silverpaw explained. Rosepaw nodded.

"I'm going to get help," Milo disappeared into the gloom and came back a minute later with two grey and white cats, "This is Spider and his brother Fraidy."

"Who are they? Why are we helping them?" the nervous tom whispered to Milo.

"She just had her kits, Fraidy we can't leave them in the rain!" he stepped forwards and picked up the calico kit.

"Stranger danger! Stranger danger!" hissed Fraidy. Spider rolled his eyes.

"Folwo me," he said through his bundle.

Fraidy hesitantly grabbed a grey tom by the scruff. The kit yowled and swiped his tiny, unsheathed claws at Fraidy. Fraidy yelped and jumped backwards. Spider snickered, "Don't tell me you're afraid of a little kit," Spider taunted as he picked up a tabby kit.

"He tried to attack me!" Fraidy protested, and picked up one of the other kits.

"Yeah right, nothing says dangerous like a blind kit," Spider replied.

Rosepaw sighed and picked up the 'dangerous' tom, leaving Silverpaw with the weakest kit. The tiny runt was hardly breathing. She carefully lifted the she-cat off the ground. The kit hung limply from Silverpaw's jaw. She blindly followed Milo. She didn't know how he could see through the rain. Eventually a large red building came into view.

"We can't go there!" Silverpaw protested.

"Why not?" asked Milo, "You got something against barns?"

"It's a twolegplace!" Silverpaw said.

"I don't care," hissed Rosepaw, "Shelter is shelter, and we need to get out of this rain."

Spider chuckled, "Don't worry, the farmer and his mate always leave around this time off year, his friend will come here from time to time to water the plants, but he leaves us alone, you won't have to worry about the Palefaces until Leaf-fall."

Silverpaw quietly followed, Rosepaw was right. The runt shivered from the cold rain, she couldn't take much more of this weather. The cats slipped under the barn and came up through a hole in the floor. Inside the barn was warm and dry. Milo laid the calico kit in a pile of straw in the back corner of the barn. Spider and Fraidy did the same. Rosepaw laid beside her kits and Silverpaw gently set the weak runt beside her mother.

"Thank you," said Rosepaw.

"Who goes there?" boomed a loud voice from the top of the woodpile. Fraidy jumped a fox-length in the air, his fur stuck up like a pine cone.

"It's just us, Tyson," called Spider. Fraidy started to relax.

A large, powerful tom leaped down agilely and landed next to Spider. He had long, tabby fur with emerald green eyes, "What are they doing here?" Tyson hissed at Milo, "I thought I told you to stop bringing rogues here." Milo shrank under Tyson's glare.

"It was my idea," Spider interrupted, "I found them in the rain while I was fishing. Milo was just helping me carry the kits." Spider winked at Milo.

"There isn't enough prey to feed seven more mouths-" Tyson was interrupted by a throaty laugh, two she-cats walked up beside Tyson.

"Really? You're going to complain about rogues?" said the old she-

cat, "Reminds me of the time two starving kittens showed up here."

Tyson looked uneasy, "That's different, Bird, there isn't much food while the palefaces are on vacation. We have to rely on what we catch."

"Calm down," said the tabby she-cat, Silverpaw could smell milk on her fur, "We'll find a way, we always do. We can't leave them in the cold," Tyson's hard gaze softened at the sight of the tabby, she turned to Rosepaw, "My name is Dusty, if you need anything, please ask." Dusty brushed her head against Tyson's.

Silverpaw purred at the sight of the happy couple and turn to Rosepaw. Silverpaw froze in horror. Rosepaw's fur was stained red with blood, and four of her kits were limp at her side. The calico cried out in alarm, as if she could sense what was happening.

"What's wrong?" asked Rosepaw. Silverpaw blinked and the blood vanished.

It's just an omen. It's not real, thought Silverpaw, this kit is going to grow up surrounded in blood. Please StarClan protect this kit!

"Uh... Nothing," said Silverpaw.

"Great, more squealing kits to keep me up at night," grumbled a ragged, black and white tom.

"Ignore him," said Spider, "That's what I do."

"That's Oscar, he's the oldest tom in the barn," explained Dusty.

"And the grumpy-est," mumbled Milo. Dusty hit him with her tail.

"The palefaces have a much nicer name for him, Cuddles," taunted Spider.

"I'm Silverpaw and this is Rosep-"

"Silverpaw?" interrupted Cuddles, "What kind of name is that?"

"It's a clan name," she defended. Tyson's eyes widened at the word

clan.

"Are you a warrior?" Tyson asked eagerly.

"Well... No, we've never actually met anyone from the clans," Silverpaw explained. Tyson's shoulders slumped, "but my mom has, she said her brother is leader of ThunderClan!"

"And you believed her?" Cuddles laughed, "It's just a bunch of kit stories! Everyone knows that."

Silverpaw flexed her claws, when Rosepaw broke the silence, "Wake up! Please wake up!"

Silverpaw looked closer at the runt, the faint rising and falling of her chest had stopped all together. "She's gone," Bird whispered. Silverpaw laid her tail on Rosepaw's shoulder.

"Let's bury her before the other kits worry," Dusty glanced up at the woodpile, her two kits looked down at them.

"Can you bury her?" Rosepaw asked Silverpaw, her voice cracked at the word bury, "I don't want to leave my other kits."

Silverpaw nodded, "She hunts with StarClan now," she said numbly.

"Don't be ridiculous," Rosepaw snapped, "Oscar is right, StarClan isn't real."

Silverpaw couldn't believe it. She picked the nameless kit up silently and went outside with Milo and Spider at her heels.

The rain had stopped. Spider and Milo dug a hole by the river and Silverpaw placed her gently in the hole, "Goodbye," It didn't seem right to leave her nameless, "Goldkit. May you find warmth and endless hunting in StarClan."

Silverpaw turned away as they filled the hole. Silverpaw didn't know how long they sat there. Tyson emerged from the barn and headed towards them. Milo was tense.

"Um... let's go inside," Milo said uneasy.

"You guys go ahead," said Silverpaw.

Tyson glared at Milo as he and Spider walked past. Tyson sat down quietly beside Silverpaw. "Are you ok?" he asked.

Silverpaw nodded.

"Do you... never mind," Tyson started.

"What?"

"Do you really believe in StarClan?" he asked nervously.

"Yeah, why?" Silverpaw asked.

Tyson hesitated, "My brother Thor... well, technically he's not my brother, but we've been together since we were kits and neither one of us could remember ever being apart..." Tyson took a deep breath, "Sorry, I'm rambling aren't I?"

Silverpaw shook her head.

"Thor and I were kittypets. When we were about three moons old, we got lost," Tyson explained, "we were found by a WindClan patrol. They welcomed us into their clan, but we didn't stay very long because we didn't like being stuck in the nursery. We came here about four years ago."

"Is Thor dead?" Silverpaw wandered out loud. She regretted saying it as soon as the words left her mouth. A tan, muscular tom with stars in his pelt appeared at Tyson's side, but Tyson ignored him.

Tyson looked down, "I don't know. About a year ago, we had our first big fight, he said he hated the farm and everyone here, especially me, and that he was going back to WindClan... Later that night I heard a coyote howl and..." Tyson broke off.

The starry cat laid his tail on Tyson's shoulder and looked directly at Silverpaw. Lie, he mouthed.

"I'm sure Thor made it back to WindClan," Silverpaw said. The tom nodded in approval.

Tyson sighed, "Thanks, I'm sorry if I interrupted you, I'll give you time alone," he turned and walked straight through where the tan cat was. The cat blew away as if he were made of dust.

Silverpaw sat at Goldkit's grave. She looked up and saw a cat in the distance, getting a drink by the river. He looked familiar. "Hey!" she called. She ran to where he was but the blue tom vanished before she got there. Silverpaw looked around. There he was again, further down the river. She ran towards him but he vanished again, "Wait! I just want to talk to you," this time he reappeared on a fallen tree, connecting the two sides of the river. Silverpaw ran across the tree. "Where are you?" she called.

"Silverpaw! Help!"

Silverpaw froze, "Sunheart!" she raced towards the sound of her sister's voice. A twoleg was holding a metal box with Sunheart trapped inside. The twoleg tossed Sunheart into the back of a monster. The monster roared to life and drove away.

"No!" shouted Silverpaw.

"Hmm... this is going to make things a little more challenging," a blue tom appeared at Silverpaw's side, "I would have been here sooner, but I was taking your sister's daughter to StarClan."

"Do I know you?" asked Silverpaw.

"Don't you remember me?" he asked.

"Apparently not," Silverpaw snapped.

"I'm Bluemoon, your father."

Dusk

Rosepaw watched her remaining kits sleep.

"What are you going to name them?" asked Dusty. Her two kits were beside her.

"I don't know," Rosepaw admitted. "How about Frost for the white tom, and the grey tom could be called Coyote. What do you think?" Dusty's kits shuddered.

"Umm... Rose, I don't think that's a very good idea," Dusty whispered, Rosepaw didn't bother to correct her, "Tyson lost his brother and our oldest son to coyotes."

"I'm sorry, I didn't know. How about Wolf instead?" Rosepaw said. Dusty nodded.

"I think you should call that one Scorpius," Dusty's youngest daughter, Clover, pointed at the tabby tom.

"Scorpius? That's a funny name," said Clover's sister, Cotton.

"That's because he's a funny looking kit," Clover nuzzled him and Scorpius purred.

"Scorpius is a lovely name. Would you like to name the calico?" Rosepaw asked Cotton.

Cotton nodded eagerly and thought for a moment, "Artemis!" she said name proudly.

"How can you think Scorpius is funnier than Artemis?" Clover protested.

"There both beautiful names," Rosepaw assured them.

"I think it's time for a nap," Dusty said.

"Aww," they groaned as Dusty lead them to the back of the woodpile so Rosepaw could get some rest.

Rosepaw looked down at her remaining kits, and thought of her nameless daughter who died before she had gotten to know her, would she have been perky and full of energy like her aunt? or calm and thoughtful like her father? Maybe she was with her dad now in StarClan...

Rosepaw pushed the thought away. *StarClan isn't real*, she thought, *If it was, he would have visited me.*

Rosepaw had snuck away the night before to meet her mate, but ran into his sister instead, who informed her of his untimely death, so when Snowflake had questioned her, she had lied about who her mate was. It was just too painful to talk about him.

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Rosepaw kept waiting for Silverpaw to come back, but she never did and after three moons of waiting, Rosepaw began to lose hope that she would ever see her family again.

"Roar!" yowled Scorpius. "I'm a monster!" he leaped onto Clover's back and sent her tumbling into the dirt. Clover squealed and scrambled up the pecan tree, with Scorpius on her tail.

"Monsters can't talk," argued Cotton.

"Yeah," agreed Wolf. "They can't leave the Thunderpath either, so if you're a Monster, why are you in the tree?"

Rosepaw chuckled, "Calm down, it's just a game." She and Dusty were sunning themselves on the porch of the Twoleg nest next to the barn.

Suddenly they heard the familiar rumbling of a real monster approaching, but this one didn't keep going past the farm, it slowed down and turned into the drive way. Rosepaw watched it warily while the rest of the kits raced to the top of the tree.

Tyson, who was sleeping under the tree, woke up when Clover won

a game of "Who Can Hit Tyson In The Head With A Pecan First." He saw the monster and leaped to his feet.

"Run!!!" he yelled. Dusty gathered the kits and ran to the barn. Rosepaw glanced up at the pecan tree and froze in horror. Clover and Scorpius were too high, they hadn't heard the warning.

The side of the monster swung open and a big yellow dog jumped out and lunged at her. Rosepaw sprinted up the pecan tree. Clover and Scorpius were climbing down a dead branch to get to her.

"Get off that branch!" she yowled, but it was too late. The branch snapped and the kits fell. Rosepaw grabbed Scorpius by the scruff as he fell past her, but there was no one to catch Clover as she fell towards the gaping jaws off the beast below.

The dog leaped into the air and sunk his teeth into her neck. All hope that she might have survived was lost when the dog swung his head from side to side, snapping her neck as easily as Silverpaw would a mouse... or a mouse trap snapping a kit.

Scorpius stared numbly at the scene below, as if he couldn't comprehend what just happened.

The Twoleg whistled and the dog rushed to his side. The dog and it's master went inside the house.

Slowly, the other cats emerged from the barn to assess the damage.

Rosepaw jumped down to explain to Tyson and Dusty what happened to their daughter.

Cotton buried her face in her sister's pelt and wailed.

Scorpius sat there in a daze, and Rosepaw knew better than to try to convince him to come down. He needed time to grieve alone.

They buried Clover under the pecan tree.

Frost climbed up the tree and sat by his brother.

"I thought that dog was gone for good," Milo mumbled.

"Not again, this can't be happening again," Fraidy prattled.

"Again?" Rosepaw wondered.

"Every green-leaf the Twolegs and their dog leave," Bird explained, "Last time the dog was here, it killed my daughter, Hornet." Fraidy flinched at the sound of his sister's name.

"We need to make sure the dog pays for this," Scorpius said. Rosepaw hadn't heard him and Frost come down the tree. "Here's the plan..."

Scorpius and Frost explained what everyone was supposed to do.

"Absolutely not!" Rosepaw said, "I don't what you kits anywhere near that beast."

"But Mom-" Scorpius protested.

"No buts," Rosepaw said sternly. Scorpius looked down at his paws, but he was smart enough to keep his mouth shut.

"I agree with Rose," Bird, who was heavy with kits, stepped forward; "We've already lost Hornet, and now Clover. We aren't going to intentionally put kits in danger."

"You're right, so this is what we're going to do instead," began Tyson.

The next morning everyone was in position, Rosepaw still couldn't believe she'd agreed to this. The only alteration Tyson had made to Frost and Scorpius's plan was to have her and Spider lead the dog into the trap instead of Scorpius. If this worked, the dog would never bother them again.

"This plan is suicide," Spider spat, "I can't believe we have to go through with this!"

Rosepaw was taken aback. Spider didn't seem to have a problem with it when Tyson was explaining it yesterday. "Why did you agree?" she asked.

"Because," Spider sunk his claws into the dirt, "Tyson's a dictator! You saw how he treats his own son. If anyone argued do you think he'd diplomatically agree this is a bad idea and admit he was wrong? No!"

"Why is Tyson so mean to Milo?" Rosepaw never received an answer to her question, because at that moment the door of the Twoleg nest swung open.

Spider and Rosepaw took off running without even waiting to see if the dog had noticed them. The loud barking following them confirmed that it had. Rosepaw pulled ahead and turned into the large open side of the barn. She raced towards the kits, which were waiting at the top of the woodpile. As they scrambled up the woodpile she heard Spider yowl. The dog had grabbed his tail and yanked him down. Without thinking, she leapt over the dog, raking her claws across his muzzle as she passed, and landed behind him. The diversion worked, the dog dropped Fraidy and walked slowly towards her.

"NOW!" screamed Tyson. All the cats leapt out of hiding and lunged at the dog, while the kits shoved logs onto it from above.

The dog was confused at first, but instead of running away like they had planned, all this only made the dog angrier. It kicked the old tom to the side, and snapped at Milo, its teeth were less a whisker-length away from his pelt.

"Retreat!" Rosepaw never knew who yelled retreat, but she probably saved everyone's lives.

Everyone ran for cover except Spider, who was lying unconscious at the base of the woodpile. The dog turned its attention to Spider and crept towards him. The dog growled ominously, blood dripped from its muzzle thanks to the scratch Rosepaw had given it. But before the dog got the chance to attack spider, Scorpius yowled, "FOR CLOVER!!!" and launched himself onto the dog.

Rosepaw watched in horror as he attempted to mimic her move. But the dog looked up at the sound of his battle cry, and instead of scratching its nose, the dog's jaw clamped shut around Scorpius's

leg. The dog jerked his head to the side and threw Scorpius against the side of the barn.

The Twoleg whistled in the distance and the dog tromped off happily, waving his tail behind him as if nothing had happened. Rosepaw leapt off the woodpile and ran to her son's side and immediately began cleaning the wound, even though she knew there was no hope. His twisted leg was gushing blood. "No no no. Scorpius, what were you thinking?"

"I wanted to be a warrior, like dad was," he said it so quietly she was sure no one else had heard even heard him. Scorpius's breathing grew shallower and he closed his eyes. There were so many things Rosepaw wanted to say, she wanted to comfort him, tell him everything would be ok, even though it was a lie. She wanted to scold him for attacking the dog in the first place. And she wanted to know how he knew about his dad and the warriors.

"You already are," she whispered in his ear.

Scorpius sighed. Rosepaw waited for his chest to rise and fall again, but it never did.

"Is Scorpius going to die?" asked Frost. Rosepaw jumped, she hadn't heard her kits approach. With a start, Rosepaw realized that was the exact same thing Sunheart, had said when Midnight got caught in the mouse trap. That was the day her own mother had told them about the warriors, and that was when they had left the only place they had ever known. Rosepaw now knew what she had to do.

"I'm sorry Artemis, but he already has," Rosepaw said numbly.

"I didn't get to say goodbye," said Artemis.

Neither did I, Rosepaw thought.

"WHERE'S FRAIDY?" Tyson's angry roar brought her back to reality, and Rosepaw got a good look at the rest of the damage. The old tom had a large gash along his side and Spider needed both his parents help just to stand up.

Rosepaw turned back to Scorpius, "Goodbye, my son," she mumbled

inaudibly, "StarClan is lucky to have you amongst their ranks."

Rosepaw forced herself to walk away from her son. "Are you ok?" Rosepaw felt stupid asking Spider this when clearly, he was not ok.

"I'll survive," his face hardened, "I'm so sorry about Scorpius, it's all my fault. I shouldn't-" Rosepaw cut him off.

"It's not your fault," she comforted. Their conversation was interrupted by a loud screech.

"I'm sorry!" Fraidy begged as Tyson toward over him. He had deep scratch along the side of face. The cut was to thin to be from the dog. With a jolt, Rosepaw realized she hadn't seen him during the fight.

"Coward!" Tyson roared and lunged straight for his throat. He would have killed him if Milo hadn't come flying out of nowhere and knocked Tyson to the side.

"That," Spider said dryly, "is why Tyson is so mean to his son. He's the only one brave enough to oppose him." Rosepaw had always thought off Tyson as being so much bigger than Milo, but she realized that was not the case.

Tyson was just fluffy.

"Not anymore," Rosepaw said. She ran over to the fighting toms and planted herself in front of Tyson. "Stop," she said sternly.

Tyson growled, "Fraidy is a coward, he ran away instead of fighting."

"But when someone yelled retreat, you were out of there just as fast as everyone else," Rosepaw countered, "Only Scorpius was brave enough to help Spider."

"And look where it got him," Tyson sneered.

"He saved Spider's life," Rosepaw forced herself to sheathe her claws, though; every instinct was telling her to fight. She knew she could never beat him. "I've already lost two kits to this place, and I

refuse to lose any more. We're leaving, now,"

Rosepaw motioned with her tail for her kits to come and they followed silently. She could tell Frost was trying to keep from smirking at the expression on Tyson's face. Before they even got to the river, Dusty and Cotton had caught up to them.

"You don't have to leave," Dusty said, "The dog will be gone next green-leaf and Tyson isn't always this mean, he just has a really big ego."

"I'm sorry Dusty, but we have too. Bury Scorpius by Clover for me please."

"I'm coming with you," announced Cotton.

"Really?" Wolf said excitedly.

"Where are we going?" asked Artemis.

To the place Snowflake could never find, the place Rosepaw use to visit every day, the place that was her mate's home. "We are going to RiverClan."

Starless

Sunheart scratched franticly at the side of the small wire cage. A small part of her knew that even if she did find a way out of the cage, she would never be able to claw her way out of the belly of the monster.

"Don't even bother; there's no way out," grumbled a voice below her. Sunheart jumped in surprise. Now that her eyes were use to the dark, she realized she wasn't alone. The entire monster was filled with other cages identical to hers. Every single one of them had a cat trapped inside.

"There has to be a way out!" Sunheart cried.

A she-cat sneered, "When you find it, tell me. I'll be busy waiting for it to rust open."

The kittypet next to her rolled his eyes. "Ignore them; they're just trying to scare you. You have nothing to worry about. Young cats like you are always adopted first. I'm Hutch."

"Sunheart," Sunheart wondered if the walls in the other cages were closing in too.

"Sunheart," Hutch mewed, "That sounds like a warrior name."

Sunheart looked at him in surprise, "It is, how do you know about warrior names?"

Hutch ignored her question, "What clan are you from?"

"I'm, er, not in a clan," Sunheart admitted, "but my dad's clanborn. He was from ShadowClan!"

"Was?"

Sunheart was starting to get irritated, "He's in StarClan now," she snapped.

"I'm sorry," Hutch apologized, "I didn't know."

Sunheart curled up in the back of the cage with her back to Hutch. His sincerity was making her feel guilty for losing her temper. "It's ok, I never knew him. All I know is that he was born in ShadowClan, but for some reason he ran away as a kit. That's all Mom told me. She doesn't like talking about him. She never really got over his death. She'd never admit it, but we could see it in her eyes..." Sunheart's voice trailed off. Hutch was silent until the monster stopped growling.

"We're here," he stated.

"What?" Sunheart's heart was pounding. "Where's here? What's going on?"

The back of the monster opened and light flooded through.

A twoleg reached in and grabbed Sunheart's cage in one paw, and Hutch's in the other. Sunheart unsheathed her claws and hissed.

"Calm down," said Hutch, "if you want to get out, do exactly as I say."

Sunheart's pelt prickled, "And if I don't?"

Hutch shrugged, "Best case scenario, they send you to the vet, then give you to a twoleg who will lock you in their nest and never let you out."

"Listen to him, he's your only hope."

Sunheart spun around, but no one was there. "Fine," she gave in, "What do I have to do?"

"Be nice to the twolegs," Hutch said.

The twoleg carried them into a strange twoleg nest. Two twolegs were argueing. Sunheart could smell a lot of other animals, especially dogs.

"Flatten your fur," Hutch commanded.

Sunheart complied, she hadn't realized her fur was standing on end.

One of the twolegs walked towards them and pointed at Hutch.

"That's my twoleg!" Hutch purred excitedly, "I've got an idea, pretend to be excited to see him too."

Hutch purred and mewed sweetly, Sunheart mimicked his actions.

The twoleg set down the cages and opened Hutch's. Hutch sprinted to his twoleg and brushed his head along the twoleg's legs. The twolegs reached down and ran his paw along Hutch's back. Hutch walked back to Sunheart and sat down in front of the cage.

"What are you doing?" Sunheart asked.

"I'm trying to get him to take you home with me," Hutch looked from Sunheart to his twoleg and mewed sweetly.

Hutch's twoleg turned to Sunheart's captor and barked something in his weird twoleg language. The twoleg reached down and opened Sunheart's cage.

"Act excited to see my twoleg," Hutch commanded.

Sunheart brushed her head against his leg and forced a purr.

"I think it worked," Hutch said as his twoleg ran his paw along Sunheart's back. Hutch's twoleg stood up and started muttering at the other twoleg.

"What now?" she asked.

Hutch shrugged. "We wait."

They sat in silence for a while until Hutch's twoleg left the nest for a moment and returned with a different cage. He set the cage infront of the cats and opened the door.

"Come on," Hutch climbed into the cage.

Sunheart lashed her tail from side to side. "Are you kidding me?"

she spat, "I just got out of one cage and now your expecting me to climb into the next one i see?"

Hutch cocked his head to the side. "Would you rather stay here?"

Sunheart backed into the cage next to him, their was barely enough room for both of them.

"That's what I thought."

Sunheart squeezed her eyes shut. "Just tell me when it's over."

"My twoleg will take us back to his nest and you can leave if you'd like, have you ever been in a twolegsnest before?" Hutch said. Sunheart felt the cage sway as the twoleg picked them up.

"Not since I was I kit, I don't remember it much," Sunheart replied without opening her eyes.

"Where were you before you got caught?" Hutch asked. A monster roared to life.

"I had... fallen... into a river..." Sunheart couldn't believe how quickly everything had changed. It seemed like moons since she had last seen her family, "and I was swept down stream... I crawled out of the river, and next thing I know, I'm in a cage."

"Perfect," Hutch said, "I know where the river is, I can get Mumble to lead you up the river until you get home. He knows that forest better then anyone."

"How do you know about the warriors?" Sunheart asked, she really didn't care, but she didn't want him to stop talking.

"I use to be in SkyClan," Hutch admited, "but I left to be a kittypet again."

Something in Hutch's tone gave Sunheart the feeling that he didn't want to talk about it. She let the subject drop.

"You can open your eyes now," Hutch said.

Sunheart opened her eyes. The cage was open so she got out slowly and froze. They were inside Hutch's twoleg nest. The ground was covered in a soft cream colored pelt. Sunheart saw the starry sky and instantly ran for it. She crashed into something hard and fell back onto a soft rock.

"That's a window," Hutch stiffled a laugh.

"Window..." Sunheart mumbled. She knew that word, but she couldn't remember where she'd heard it before.

"Yeah, you can't go through it, there's glass in the way."

Sunheart looked down at her paws. "Why is this rock so soft?"

"It's not a rock, it's a sofa."

"How do I get out of here?" Sunheart asked.

Hutch yawned. "It's the middle of the night, I'll show you in the morning."

"You told me you'd lead me up the river," Sunheart growled.

"No, I said I'd get Mumble to lead you up the river," Hutch corrected, "and if I asked him now he'd say no."

"You said I could leave," Sunheart unsheathed her claws.

Hutch rolled his eyes. "You can't honestly tell me your not tired, go to sleep."

Sunheart began to protest, but she knew he was right. Without saying another word, she climbed under the sofa and went to sleep. The next thing she knew, someone was poking her in the side.

"Wake up," the cat growled. Sunheart crawled out from under the couch. The cat poking her was a young, sleek black tom, a large scar wrapped around his front leg.

"What are you staring at?" he spat.

"Nothing," Sunheart looked around for Hutch. "Are you Mumble?"

"That's not my name," he mumbled. His icy blue eyes were filled annoyance. Hutch entered through a flap in the wall.

Sunheart shot him a pleading look.

"Sunheart, I see you've met Mumble," Hutch said.

"How do I get out of here?" Sunheart demanded. The sooner she could leave the better.

Not-Mumble rolled his eyes. "Follow me," he pushed the flap that Hutch had come through open with his head. Sunheart followed him. The flap lead outside to a small grassy area surrounded by a fence.

"If your name isn't Mumble, then what is it?" Sunheart asked.

"None of your buisness," He mumbled. He slid under a gap the fence.

"I'll figure it out eventually," Sunheart followed but got stuck half way. "Ouch! I'm stuck, can you give me a paw?" She dug her claws into the earth and tried to claw her way free.

He sighed dramatically and rolled his eyes. He grabbed her by the scruff and yanked her through,

"Ouch," she complained.

"Your welcome," he continued walking without looking back. He lead her away from the twolegplace, they walked along the edge of the forest. Not-Mumble was careful not to going the forest. Sunheart could smell some other cats scents blowing in the wind.

"So... How long have you known Hutch?" Sunheart said to break the silence.

"He's taken care of me since I was a kit," he said.

"Is he your dad?" Sunheart asked.

"No," he answered.

"Where's your family?" Sunheart asked.

"My mother abandoned me when I was a kit," he said emotionlessly.

"That's so terrible!" Sunheart exclaimed, "What happened?"

"I was injured, so she gave up on me," he said.

"That's horrible! Your mother must be the cruelest cat alive!" Sunheart exclaimed.

"Tell me about it," he mumbled.

"What happened next?" Sunheart pressed.

He whirled to face her, and Sunheart jumped back in surprise.

"Look," he said, "I don't know who you are, or where your going. All I know is I'm supose to take you there so I would really appreciate it if you would just shut up, so I can take you back to your pathetic excuse for a life."

Sunheart unsheathed her claws, "You don't know me."

"And I'd like to keep it that way," he turned around and continued walking.

"Fox-heart," Sunheart muttered.

Mumble ignored her and kept walking, after a while, Sunheart began to get impatient.

"Are we there yet?" Sunheart complained.

"No."

"I'm hungry," she sniffed the air and smelled a rabbit.

"Nice to meet you, Hungry." he answered without looking back.

Sunheart followed her nose into the woods, the rabbit was nibbling

on a plant next to a hole. Sunheart climbed a tree and perched on a branch directly above it. Sunheart leapt down and landed on the rabbit. She immediately sunk her teeth into it's neck.

"I caught it!" Sunheart yelled proudly.

"You stupid fleabag!" Mumble raced towards her, "What are you thinking?"

"That's our prey," Sunheart turned to see a young grey she-cat glaring at them.

"She's sorry," Mumble apologized, "She doesn't know-"

"No, I'm not," Sunheart snapped at him. She hissed at the she-cat, "Who says it's your prey? I'm the one who caught it."

"It's on our territory, so that makes it ours," the she-cat inched closer.

"I thought I told you to leave and never come back," two toms crept out of the underbush and flanked the she-cat.

"I'm sorry Waspwhisker," Mumble didn't sound sorry, "I didn't remember, you know how it feels right? Not being able to remember anything I mean."

"Listen Midnight, I'm warning you," growled the grey and white tom, Waspwhisker.

"Ha! Midnight! I told you I'd figure out your name!" Sunheart boasted proudly. Midnight glared at her.

Waspwhisker continued as if Sunheart had never spoken. "If you ever put a single paw on SkyClan territory again, I will peronally shred you to mousedust."

Midnight thrashed his tail from side to side. "Bold words for someone who was injured by a *rat*."

Waspwhisker launched himself at Midnight, but Midnight ducked out of the way and sunk his teeth into Waspwhiskers hindleg.

The sudden fight caught the other cats by surprise, so Sunheart grabbed the rabbit by the scruff and ran deeper into the forest.

She didn't get far before the orange tom crashed into her from the side and made her lose her grip on the rabbit. He grabbed her by the scruff and pinned her to the ground. Sunheart yowled and kicked out with her hindlegs. The she cat was starting to grab her rabbit.

Suddenly, Midnight shot out of the bramble and slammed into the larger tom. "Follow me!" he shouted as he ran towards a ridge.

Sunheart scratched at the she-cat who dropped the rabbit in surprised. Sunheart grabbed her prey and followed Midnight.

Midnight doubled back and appeared at her side, "For StarClan's sake, *drop the rabbit!*" he hissed in fury.

"N-" She tripped over the rabbit's legs and started skiddding down the ridge. She let go of the rabbit. and grabbed the closest thing to her. Unfortunately, the closest thing happened to be Midnight's tail.

Both cats went sliding helplessly down the ridge.

"You stupid flea bag!" Midnight spat, "Look what you've done! Now I'll never get back!"

Sunheart wasn't listening, she had heard the sound of running water and was running towards it.

"The river!" she exclaimed.

Midnight laughed dryly "Do you have bees in your brain? You seriously think I'm going to lead you up the river after *that*."

"No," Sunheart was already starting up the river.

"Wait, what?" Sunheart's honesty had caught Midnight off guard.

"I just needed you to lead me to the river, I can find my way from here. Goodbye Midnight," Sunheart answered. The sooner she got away from this tom, the better.

Midnight jogged up to her side. "You really think you're going to find them?" he asked, "Even if you did find where they were, it doesn't mean they'll still be there."

Sunheart stopped walking, she knew their was only one way to get rid of him, she had to claw him where it would hurt the most. She looked him in the eye, "Just because your mom didn't give a mousetail about you, doesn't mean my mom doesn't care about me. I have to find my sisters."

It worked more than she thought it would, Midnight's eyes were filled with pain and disbelief, "You really don't want me to go with you," He spoke slowly, as if he was thinking every word through carefully.

Sunheart nodded.

"Then let's go," he turned and headed up the river.

Now it was Sunheart's turn to be shocked. "What do you mean? I thought you weren't coming! Why are you coming!"

"Because it will annoy you."

Daylight

Silverpaw stared at the cat in awe. "My... father?" She shook her head. "No. That's impossible... Wait, did you say you took Goldkit to StarClan?"

The cat waited patiently for Silverpaw to put the pieces together. Silverpaw examined the tom more closely, his fur was gray like her own, except his fluffy coat was short like Sunheart's. It glistened like the night sky was painted onto his fur. But what really got Silverpaw's attention, were his familiar blue eyes. With a jolt, she realized where she had seen those eyes before. Snowflake's dreams. Silverpaw tried to give her mother privacy, but sometimes, she was sucked inside.

"You really are my father, aren't you," she said as she realized this was the cat that her mother always chased, but could never reach.

Bluemoon nodded. "I wanted to visit you, but my sister wouldn't allow me to walk in your dreams. She said she needed to teach you and I would only interfere."

"She's your sister?" Silverpaw said in shock, "But you two are nothing alike!"

Bluemoon chuckled, "We can't all be as charismatic as her."

Silverpaw purred in amusement, "What are you doing here?" Silverpaw asked, "Please don't take this the wrong way, but if she did't want you to intervene, why didn't she come herself?"

"I made a promise," he said simply, "I'm here to make sure you make it to the clans safely."

Silverpaw's eyes widened, "I'm going to be a warrior." she imagined herself running along side other cats, working together to protect each other and defend their home. She'd finally have a permanent home where she wouldn't have to worry about other rogues coming

and chasing her away.

"Which clan will I be in? You were in ShadowClan, right?" Silverpaw couldn't believe her kithood dream was going to come true. She pictures herself on a border patrol, protecting her territory from anyone who would disturb the peace. Finally, she would have a permanent home. She would be the one chasing rogues, not the one being chased.

"Yes, I was in ShadowClan, but you can choose to go where ever you'd like," he answered, "but first, you're going to need a warrior name."

Before she could protest, Bluemoon jumped up onto a low tree branch and started the ritual. He spoke with such power and authority, it was hard to believe he died a kittypet and not clan leader.

Warmth spread through Silverpaw as she said I do.

"Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Silverpaw, from this moment you will be known as Silversnow," Bluemoon purred. "We honor your courage and your honesty, and we welcome you as a full warrior."

Bluemoon jumped off the branch and rested his muzzle on Silversnow's head and she licked his shoulder. Up close, he smelled like the deep forest.

"Thank you," she said.

"No talking," he joked.

Silversnow rolled her eyes.

"I'll lead you to the lake. Did your mother ever tell you about my past?" he said as they walked.

Silversnow shook her head.

"I guess I should tell you, you have a right to know," he looked straight ahead as he talked. "I was born during Brokenstar's reign, it

was a dark time for ShadowClan, elders were kicked out of camp, WindClan was driven from their territory," Bluemoon's voice got quieter, "and kits were given their warrior names before they were old enough to even become apprentices."

Silversnow wanted to ask if he had become a warrior when he was still a kit, but she waited for him to continue on his own.

"My name was Mintkit, when I was three moons old my littermate, Marigoldkit..." Bluemoon shuddered. "I fled down a chipmunk's hole... When her killer was gone, I ran. My twoleg found me and I lived with him. I wanted to go back, but I was afraid. Brokenstar would never let me live. I knew the truth."

Silversnow was glad she wasn't allowed to talk, she wouldn't have any idea what to say. I'm sorry, just didn't seem to cut it.

"I finally worked up the courage to go back, when the twolegs took me to the cutter. They took away my claws," Bluemoon looked down at his paws. "I didn't mean to leave your mother. When that dog had me cornered in the hole, I felt like a little kit again. I was trapped... I felt so helpless... I could almost hear Marigoldkit crying for help," Bluemoon stared at something in the distance.

"He blamed Marigoldkit's death on his own mother, Yellowfang, as an excuse to drive her from the clan."

Bluemoon glanced at Silversnow and chuckled.

"I'm guessing she never told you that," he stated.

Silversnow shook her head. They walked in silence for a while. Silversnow's mind was buzzing, she had so many questions, and not just for him, but Yellowfang too. Ever since she was a kit, Yellowfang had been her guide, her mentor. Silversnow felt guilty that after all the time Yellowfang spent teaching her battle moves and giving her hunting tips, she hadn't asked more questions, she just figured that if it was important, Yellowfang would tell her. Silversnow never asked how Yellowfang knew so much about about ShadowClan even though she was a ThunderClan cat. Silversnow had just pretended not to notice the pain and bitterness in

Yellowfang's tone when she spoke of ShadowClan. Silversnow never would have guessed it was anything personal.

The sun was just beginning to peek out over the horizon when Bluemoon spoke again.

"Let's stop here to rest," he gestured to an abandoned badger set.

As soon as he mentioned resting, Silversnow realized how tired she was. Her legs ached and her eyelids drooped. She climbed into the den and curled up into a ball. She was out cold instantly.

Silversnow dreamed she was in a cave, her mom was laying in a nest talking to a couple of unfamiliar she-cats, she heard one of them say something about SkyClan, but before she got a chance to figure out what they meant, the dream changed rapidly from scene to scene. Sunheart sleeping in a twoleg nest, Rosepaw curled up with her kits while Milo laid a mouse at her paws, her brother prowling through the twolegplace....

The dream shifted again, this time into a familiar bright green field surrounded by trees full of bright green leaves despite the fact it was nearly leaf-bare. Silversnow instantly knew she was dreaming of StarClan.

"Yellowfang?" Silversnow looked around, this was where they always met. Suddenly, a cold wind swept through the clearing and dark clouds covered the sky.

Kin of ShadowClan's broken leaders will return, and destruction will strike like a tiger.

Silversnow woke with a start. It took her a second to realize it was dark. She'd slept the entire day and half the night. She looked around for Bluemoon, but he was nowhere to be found. She flicked her tail in irritation, then she remembered that he promised to lead her to the clans, so if he was gone, she must be close to the clans!

She exited the cave and sniffed the air, she smelled a large body of water up ahead, Bluemoon had said something about a lake, so she decided to head towards it.

"Hey you!" an orange tom crept out of the underbrush. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm looking for the clans," she stated. She might as well be honest, maybe he knew how to find them.

"Well, you found them," he said. "You're on ShadowClan territory."

"Can I join ShadowClan?" she blurted.

"That's not my decision, I'm just the medicine cat," he said. "By the way, my name's Flametail."

"Silversnow."

"ShadowClan isn't fond of rogues, last time we let one join us, I was a kit, and it nearly tore us apart." Flametail was deep in thought. "I'll make you a deal, a couple of cats in my clan have green cough and I'm out of catmint. If you can bring me some from ThunderClan territory, I'll help you join ThunderClan. Deal?"

"Deal. Where's the catmint?"

Flametail lead her to the border, and explained where she needed to go. When she returned, he excitedly took it to his camp while Silversnow waited at the border.

"Tell me how to join ThunderClan," she demanded excitedly.

He rolled his eyes. "Somebody's in a hurry," he looked over his shoulder dramatically like he was making sure nobody was watching. "What I'm about to tell you is top secret information about how to infiltrate ThunderClan and you must promise to never tell anyone understand?"

Silversnow nodded eagerly.

He leaned closer and whispered in her ear. "We stay here and wait for the dawn patrol."

Silversnow flicked her tail in annoyance, "That's it?" she growled.

Flametail shrugged with a smirk. "If you were here on your own, the patrol would chase you away."

Silversnow decided it was best not to pick a fight with him. "I guess your right," she admitted.

"There coming," he said stiffly. She followed his gaze and saw a powerful tom lead by a young gray she-cat heading towards them.

"Already? It's not even close to dawn," her heart skipped a beat. She couldn't believe it, it was a dream come true.

Flametail's eyes were filled with disappointment, she realized he wasn't planning on them being here this soon either. Her heart dropped to her paws, she didn't want to leave him either.

"Will I ever see you again?" she whispered.

He hesitated before responding. "I'll be here every night waiting for you."

She purred before running forward to greet her new clanmates.

"I told you I heard someone," the grey she-cat muttered to the golden brown tom. He silenced her with a flick of his tail.

"You are trespassing on ThunderClan territory," the tom growled.

She forced herself to not flinch and looked him in the eye. "My name is Silversnow. I want to join ThunderClan. May I please speak to Firestar?"

"How do you know about the clans? Are you a ShadowClan spy?" he demanded.

"It's a long story," she admitted. "Firestar knows my mother, Snowflake."

The she-cat whispered something in his ear and the tom nodded. He looked back at Silversnow and said, "Follow me."

She walked silently behind him as he lead her deeper into the

forest. She crawled through a tunnel of thorns. The tunnel opened up into a stone hollow enclosed by tall cliffs.

"Get Firestar," the tom told his apprentice. The she-cat nodded and disappeard into what must be the leader's den. A moment later, a bright red tom appeared, without saying a word, he gestured for her to come into his den with a flick of his tail.

Silversnow took a deep breath and entered the den.

"Dovepaw said you're Snowflake's daughter?" he asked.

Silversnow nodded. "Snowflake, my sisters, and I searched for the clans together for many moons, but were separated a few days ago."

"Is Snowflake alright?" he asked.

"I think so," she said. "I dreamt she was in a place called SkyClan. Have you heard of them?"

Firestar ignored her question. "And your sisters?"

"They're safe too, at least for now," Silversnow hoped she was telling the truth. "I came here to request a place in ThunderClan. My father Bluemoon and his sister Yellowfang-"

"You know Yellowfang?" he interrupted.

She nodded. "She's been visiting me in my sleep since I was a kit."

That seemed to seal the deal. They talked for a little while longer, but it wasn't long before Firestar jumped up onto a ledge and called out: "Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather here for a clan meeting."

News of Silversnow's arrival had already spread through the camp, so most of the clan was already waiting for Firestar to make the announcement. Silversnow wondered if the ledge that Firestar was standing on was a replacement for Highrock back in the forest.

The early morning light shined off of the ThunderClan cats fur.

My clan, thought Silversnow.

******

Silversnow sat in Jayfeather's frozen garden. A rouge crept into the clearing and froze when she saw that she wasn't alone. Silversnow's met her gaze and an understanding passed through them, Silversnow wouldn't bother her. They were both expecting kits, and they both were alone. The rouge slipped into the forest and disappeared.

"Silversnow," someone said. She didn't look up as Leafpool approached. "He was the father, wasn't he?"

Silversnow nodded. "He's gone," she whispered. Her heart felt as frozen as the ice he had slipped through. "It's all my fault, I broke the code. What if StarClan punishes our kits? What if they end up like-" The cold feeling in her heart spread to the rest of her. *What if they end up like Brokenstar?* Leafpool said something comforting, but Silversnow took no notice. The old prophecy rang in her ears. Broken... Tiger... Silversnow was the kin of Brokenstar, and Flametail was a descendent of Tigerstar. How could she have not seen it sooner? One of her kits was destined for destruction.

Silversnow gasped as a sharp pain shot through her belly. She looked up at Leafpool and said, "The kits. They're coming."

Leafpool's eyes widened. "You're not due for half a moon!"

"Try telling them that," she growled as she gestured to her swollen belly.

Another Chapter That Isn't A Chapter

Sorry for the lack of updates guys, I've just been busy. And lazy.

I don't think I'm going to put an Allegiance in this one section because of how weird the time lines are. Rosepaw's kits are actually the same age as Lionblaze, where as Silversnow's kits aren't born until after Lionblaze is a mentor.

Sunheart and Midnight.... I have no idea how they fit into the time line. I think they accidentally wandered into the TARDIS and skipped ahead by about two years.

So... Anywho, I'll try to get back to posting more frequently, but I make no promises. (recently discovered Doctor Who and Supernatural so I have a lot to catch up on)

If you have any questions, comments, concerns, critiques, criticisms, rants, suggestions, or praises feel free to leave a comment!

Prologue

The wide-eyed kits looked around in awe.

"Isn't this place amazing!" squeaked the grey she-kit.

"Yay! You're here!" the smallest of the five pranced merrily towards his littermates. "I've been waiting for you guys!"

"Everything's so... *bright*." remarked a tabby tom.

"Where are we?" asked the tortoiseshell.

"It's called StarClan!" the smallest replied.

"But where's Mom?" asked the oldest-- and last to arrive in StarClan. "She'll miss us."

"You're mother is back with ThunderClan," answered a dark ginger tom, who up until now had been watching silently from the shadows.

"Can we go back?" asked the oldest, his coat was a vivid ginger color.

"I'm sorry, you cannot," he said.

"Why not?" asked the tabby.

"Because, we're dead," the grey kit said dejectedly.

"Don't worry," comforted the smallest. "Dad will take care of us."

The tortoiseshell looked up at the tom curiously. "You're our dad?"

The tom nodded, "That's right. My name is Flametail."

"Names?" asked the tortoiseshell. "Can we have those too?"

"Of course," replied Flametail. He looked upon his kits with pride.

"How about Duskkit," he leaned over and touched his daughter's tiny head with his nose, "Lionkit," he touched his nose to the tabby's head, "Tawnykit," the grey kit, "Rowankit," the oldest, "and Cloudkit," the smallest.

Five pairs of bright blue eyes shined with excitement, though Flametail could still see the sadness in them. "Do you want to play a game?" he asked.

"What kind of game?" asked Lionkit.

"A special one, follow me," Flametail walked slowly, but the kits still had to run to keep up. When they reached what appeared to be an endless lake, Flametail came to a halt and crouched down over the water. "Look at this."

Rowankit gasped. "It's Mom!" Instead of water, the lake was looking down onto the clans territories.

"She's so sad," said Lionkit.

"That's right," Flametail said. "But we're going to cheer her up."

"How?" asked Tawnkit.

"Look over there," Flametail pointed towards the woods beyond ThunderClan territory. "Do you see that rouge over there? She had her first kit shortly after you five were born, but something went wrong."

"Can we help her?" asked Cloudkit.

Flametail shook his head, "There's nothing we can do, nothing anyone can do."

"Will she join us in StarClan?" asked Duskkit.

"No, rouges walk among different stars," Flametail explained. "However, one kit still survives."

"How can he live without a mother?" asked Duskkit.

"He won't," Flametail said. "Your mother lost her kits, and this kit lost his mother," he explained, waiting for them to catch on. "We're going to lead your mother to this kit."

"You want her to replace us?" Rowankit asked.

"No," Flametail said quickly, "but she'll never be able to have you either."

Rowankit looked unconvinced.

Flametail lowered his head so he could look his son straight in the eyes; however, the kits are so small that Flametail's muzzle was nearly touching the ground.

"Your mother blames herself for your deaths."

"That's not fair," Rowankit protested. "It's not her fault."

"No, it isn't," Flametail said softly. "All your mother's love for you is expressed through grief. We need to give her another way to show her love. She knows you can see her. By giving her this kit, we're giving her a way to show her love. Every time she says she says she loves this kit, she's saying she loves *you* as well, every time she says she's proud of him, catching his first prey, or climbing his first tree, she's saying she's proud of you and what could have been... what *should* have been," Flametail sat up so he could look at all his kits at once.

"One day, you'll be with her again, but she will never be able to watch you grow up, the only way this kit has a chance is with the help of your mother," He sat in silence.

Duskkit was the first to speak. "What can we do?"

"I'll show you," Flametail lead them into the world of the living, explaining the game along the way. Despite the freezing weather, none of the kits shivered, nor did they leave any paw prints in the snow.

When they were near the rouge and her kit, Flametail told Rowankit to hide under a bush.

"Wait for my signal," he instructed his eldest son.

He lead the others to ThunderClan territory and instructed where Tawnykit should hide, then did the same with Lionkit and Duskkit. Finally, when he was close enough to see his former mate, he and Cloudkit crouched down in the underbrush.

"Ready?" he asked.

Cloudkit nodded. "Are you sure she'll hear me?"

"A mother will always recognize the sound of her kit," Flametail said.

"But she doesn't know what I sound like," Cloudkit pointed out.

Flametail felt a lump in his throat, his youngest son had died before he'd taken a single breath. "Don't worry, she'll hear," he promised. "Now."

Cloudkit mewed excitedly then backed up deeper into the brush, giggling.

Flametail saw Silversnow's ear twitch in their direction.

"Again," Flametail said.

Cloudkit's tiny chest puffed up as he took a deep breath, he mewed again, louder this time.

Silversnow turned towards the sound. "Hello?" she called. She started walking in their direction. "Who's there?" She walked past them. Flametail crept out of the underbrush behind Silversnow. Cloudkit followed, giggling with excitement. Flametail saw Duskkit peering out from her hiding spot, Flametail gestured with his tail, and Duskkit let out an excited mew, then turned around and raced through the frozen grass as they planned. Flametail picked Cloudkit up by the scruff and raced around to a location near where Tawnykit was hiding. Lionkit, who was in between his parents, waited for the signal. Flametail climbed up a tree to get a good view. He signaled to Lionkit, who meowed loudly before meeting up with Cloudkit and Duskkit.

There was something different about his cry, an edge that wasn't in the others' voices, or maybe it was but he hadn't noticed it earlier. The look on Silversnow's face told him she'd heard it too. She quickened her pace after Lionkit's cry.

Flametail gestured to Tawnykit. The other kits had mewed so she would hear them, but Tawnykit cried to be heard. Tawnykit had been the second kit to die, and like her younger brother, she'd died before ever making a sound. Flametail could tell by her voice, all Tawnykit wanted was for her mother to hear her-- to know her-- just once.

Silversnow slowed down and took a shaky breath/ "My daughter," she said under her breath.

Instead of hiding by the others Tawnykit froze. She was in Silversnow's line of site as she walked by. Flametail jumped out of the tree and went to his daughter, the other three came out of hiding.

"She didn't see me," Tawnykit said.

"She can't, we're invisible," Flametail said.

"Then why are we hiding?" asked Duskkit.

Flametail didn't know how to explain that he was trying to protect them from what Tawnykit was feeling now.

"Can we walk beside her?" asked Lionkit.

"Of course," Flametail said. How could he say no?

The kits raced ahead to catch up with their mother. They walked in silence, but their actions spoke louder than words, Flametail could tell exactly what each kit was thinking just by how they walked.

Flametail ran ahead to meet Rowankit, but he wasn't where Flametail told him to be. Flametail looked around and saw him sitting beside the rouge, who's breathing was growing shallower.

"...And she'll teach him how to climb trees and catch prey, don't

worry Zazzle, I promise that he will always be warm and my mom will make sure he feels safe and he'll never be hungry..." Rowankit's voice trailed off as the rouge took one last raspy breath, her chest rose and fell for the last time. Flametail saw the faint glow of her spirit as it left for the stars. Rowankit looked at the rouge's kit, who was no bigger than he.

Flametail sat besides his son, "Rowankit," he said gently, "the plan?"

Without saying a word, Rowankit turned towards his own mother.

Flametail climbed up a tree, partially to get a better view and partially to give the kits time alone with their mother.

Before Flametail could give the signal, Rowankit unleashed the most heart wrenching noise Flametail had ever heard. All his time as a medicine cat-- all his time around cats in pain-- that was nothing compared to this single sound. Silversnow was sprinting now, her kits' tiny legs didn't stand a chance against a mother racing to her kit.

She stood there, staring at Zazzle's lifeless body.

Rowankit prodded the sleeping kit, "Come on, wake up you stupid furball, she thinks your dead."

Rowankit's siblings were just catching up.

The kit mewed. Silversnow gasped, then her eyes got cloudy, she was clearly remembering her own kits who, unbeknownst to her, were crowded around the living kit in front of her.

For a moment, Flametail swore he saw her eyes focus on their kits, she looked at each of the five pairs of vibrant blue eyes in turn, then the focus was gone. She picked up the kit and looked up at the stars.

"Goodbye, my family," Silversnow said to the stars.

"Goodbye mom," they said.

"See you later," Flametail said.

Flametail leapt out of the tree and walked over to his kits, "You did well," he told them. "Follow me, I'll give you a tour of StarClan."

"But I don't want to go," Cloudkit said.

Flametail sighed, "Neither did I, kits, neither did I."

Abandoned

Yeah... I started this story 5 years ago and I don't even remember some of characters. Here's what was going to happen:

Rose makes it to RiverClan with her kits. Artemis becomes Marigoldpaw. She eventually joins WindClan so she can be a medicine cat (RiverClan already has two). Frostpaw is evil and under the influence of his evil dead father. Frostpaw tries to lure Wolfpaw to his death (by badger attack), but Rose saves him at the cost of her own life.

Flashpaw and Marigoldpaw befriend each other and work together to takedown Frostpaw.

Sunheart and Midnight wander around together. They eventually stumble upon ShadowClan, but Midnight gets seriously injured. Sunheart realizes who he is. Both join ShadowClan.